

THE COMING STEP.

THE coming step! one of life's sweetest music notes, listened to, welcomed, and commented on in the little circle made glad by its approach; one of the home-charms especially dear to that golden clasp of many links, the aged and adored mother, in whom unite so many titles and ties of pure and sacred affection. Dear, too, that note of home-returning, to loving wife, fair, blushing bride, or gentle sister; and ah! perhaps more precious than all, to the conscious maiden, listening with fluttering heart and deepening blush, to her lover's well-known footstep, which she, though first to hear, is last to meet. Music of the heart! how enchantingly is the coming step of the fond father recognized and responded to by the quick, delighted cries of childhood, as with pattering feet and joyful clamor, they rush to meet him at the threshold; their little plump arms outstretched to receive, to cling around, and grasp him anywhere, everywhere! each little mouth pursed up ready for the first kiss, the very first, whose loss has to be compensated to the others by a double share of endearments; while gambolling in the midst, bounding, barking, almost speaking his wild joy, the favorite dog, completely one of themselves, gives vent to the exuberance of his joy in a thousand canine extravagances. Step of the beloved! joy-note of the heart! how many and delightful are thy echoes!

THE FIRST.

THE FIRST, the first!—oh! nought like it
Our after years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers as sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree,
Still wildest seems, and worst;
Whate'er hath been, again may be,
But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave;
But darker still the spot appears
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unfallen years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 't was vain,
Yet that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfall'n, uncurs'd;
There may be many an after glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning-stars of life;
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that blessed us first.

It's first-love, deep in memory,
The heart for ever bears;
For that was early given, and free,
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be death hath buried deep,
It may be fate hath cursed;
But yet no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast,
Upon the dawning of our day,
Are with us to the last.
But ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, as once it burst,
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

Eliza Cook's Journal.

A VALENTINE.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways,
She'd cause an angel's patience to forsake him,
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did old Sathanas on her goodness gaze,
Out of a devil she'd an angel make him.

But with Sathanas she has nought in common,
And is (thank Heaven!) no angel yet, I trow:
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human;
She is more beautiful as simply woman,
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I do but wish that she may keep
This womanhede, and change not, only grow;
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,
And, in a quiet blessedness, aye reap,
On every hand, of that which she doth sow.

Chambers.

A SPECIFIC FOR CHOLERA. — One of the Granada papers, the *St. George's Chronicle*, states that a plant named guaco is a certain specific against cholera, and publishes a variety of correspondence in proof of the assertion. We make the following extracts: — "The preventive virtue of the guaco against all poisons is undeniable. Not only did the cholera cease entirely by the use of it on the infected plantations, among those who had as yet escaped the infection; but on those estates also on which the malady had not appeared not a single case occurred, although surrounded by others where the epidemic was making great ravages. The author then gives a few statistical returns, showing that out of 400 persons who were attacked with cholera on four plantations surrounding his own, and on which the guaco was used at his recommendation, only 25 died, but to several of these the remedy had been applied too late." Another correspondent says: — "The guaco is a creeper, indigenous to Cuba and the Spanish Main, and is found in great quantities along river courses and in swampy places. The leaf is heart-shaped, very pointed, of a fine dark-green on one side, and of a light purple-changing color on the other. The leaf as well as the stem is covered with a fine fur, both of which have a very bitter pungent taste. There are two kinds of guaco, distinguished by their flowers, those of the one being pale-yellow and of the other white: the former is preferred. I have seen the guaco on the Spanish Main, and witnessed its surprising effects in cases of cuts and bruises and bites from venomous reptiles, etc." The editor of the *St. George's Chronicle* states: "The guaco is more particularly celebrated as a certain cure for the bite of venomous reptiles; and it is also believed to be an antidote by the Indians on the Spanish Main, who inoculate themselves in the hands, feet, and breast with its juice, swallowing two table-spoonfuls of it at the same time, to render themselves proof against the serpent's bite. It is mentioned by Humboldt as having cleared the two sides of the Magdalena River of the deadly snakes which formerly infested those parts. Mr. Darling, when Lieutenant-Governor of St. Lucia, acting on a suggestion which appeared in the local newspaper, procured from the British consul at Caraccas a box of growing plants of the guaco, which was conveyed in one of the mail-steamers, via Jamaica, from which the inhabitants of St. Lucia obtained a liberal supply, and in a very short time every garden in the island was to be seen ornamented with the valuable creeper. We have read before of its antidotal and curative powers with reference to cholera, and it is said to have been successfully used in recent cases at Jamaica. Mr. Cockburn, the Venezuelan consul at this place, has, we understand, written to the Main for the plant. It can also be had in Trinidad, where it grows commonly. It is of a fibrous root: it grows and runs along the earth. The body is straight and perfectly cylindrical when the plant is young, but becomes pentagon, forming projecting angles, as it grows older. The leaves on the body are opposite to each other, with the form of a heart, and are of a dark-green color spotted with violet, smooth above, and rough with a light-brown below. The plant is corrimiferous; its

flowers are yellow, small, and of four leaves in each petal; the crown is monopetalous, bulbous like the flowers of tobacco, with fine denticles, has five stamens joined by the anther in a cylindrical form, which surround the pistil. The petal contains a number of large grains, each of which has a soft tuft at the point. The guaco loses its leaves in the dry season."

TOYS AND GAMES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

— I was amused, here, by watching a child playing with a pop-gun, made of bamboo, similar to that of quill, with which most English children are familiar, which propels pellets by means of a spring-trigger made of the upper part of the quill. It is easy to conclude such resemblances between the familiar toys of different countries to be accidental; but I question their being really so. On the plains of India, men may often be seen, for hours together, flying what with us are children's kites; and I procured a Jews-harp from Tibet. These are not the toys of savages, but the amusements of people more than half-civilized, and with whom we have had indirect communication from the earliest ages. The Lepchas play at quoits, using slates for the purpose; and at the Highland games of "putting the stone" and "drawing the stone." Chess, dice, draughts, hockey, and battle-door and shuttle-cock, are all Indo-Chinese or Tartarian; and no one familiar with the wonderful instances of similarity between the monasteries, ritual, ceremonies, attributes, vestments, and other paraphernalia of the Eastern and Western churches, can fail to acknowledge the importance of recording events of most trifling analogies or similarities between the manners and customs of the young as well as of the old. — *Himalayan Journal*.

YOUTHFULNESS OF PUBLIC MEN IN ENGLAND.

— I could not help thinking, as I looked around on so many men whom I had heard of historically all my life, how very much less they bear the marks of age than men who have been connected a similar length of time with the movements of our country. This appearance of youthfulness and alertness has a constantly deceptive influence upon one in England. I cannot realize that people are as old as history states them to be. In the present company, there were men of sixty or seventy, whom I should have pronounced, at first glance, to be fifty. Generally speaking, our working-minds seem to wear out their bodies faster, perhaps because our climate is more stimulating; more, perhaps, from the intense stimulus of our political régime, which never leaves anything long at rest. The tone of manners, in this distinguished circle, did not obtrude itself upon my mind as different from that of highly-educated people in our own country. It appeared simple, friendly, natural, and sincere. They talked like people who thought of what they were saying, rather than how to say it. The practice of thorough culture and good-breeding is substantially the same through the world, though smaller conventionalities may differ. — *Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories*.

From The Journal of Psychological Art.

SPIRITUAL PATHOLOGY; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE INSANE.*

WE published, in one of our earlier numbers, a short article on the "Autobiography of the Insane," based upon some letters that appeared in the American Journal of Insanity, written by persons after having recovered from attacks of insanity. Our attention is again directed to this deeply interesting subject by the perusal of the two works whose titles are given at the bottom of this page. It is not our intention, at present, to enter at any length into a psychological investigation of the facts recorded by those who have attempted to describe their personal feelings and operations of the mind during paroxysms of mental derangement. The subject is too subtle and too profound to be cursorily discussed. Data of this kind cannot be otherwise than invaluable in the hands of those competent, by psychological study and practical knowledge, to appreciate the phenomena of healthy and morbid mind. It is our intention, therefore, to lay before our readers the salient points contained in the volumes before us, reserving for some other occasion any practical comments that may occur to us in connection with this important subject.

We do not deem it necessary to detail minutely the facts relating to the early life of Mr. Walford, as recorded in the interesting series of letters published in the volume now under review. We are anxious to confine our attention principally to the psychological portions of Mr. Walford's life; and perhaps, therefore, we may be excused for quoting somewhat in detail his account of his early school-days. We cite the passage with the view of pointing out the grave responsibility incurred by those who undertake the important educational care of the young. The origin of much incurable mental disease may be clearly traced to the badly organized school, and to the criminal and cruel negligence of those whose solemn duty it is to guard the tender minds of the youth placed under their care from vicious habits and moral pollution:—

The frequent punishments I witnessed in this school, administered often with symptoms of passion amounting almost to fury, terrified me exceedingly at first, but my feelings gradually became less sensitive, till I at length imagined no

other means were sufficiently stringent to enforce obedience, and stimulate industry, so that I acquiesced in the propriety of it. This sentiment was very injurious to me, as it greatly strengthened my natural propensity to impatience, and made me too readily susceptible of provocation from imbecility and indolence, an evil to which through life I have been more liable than my conscience and moral sensibility approve. This however, was far from being the greatest injury I suffered from going to this school. Before that time, I was in a considerable degree ignorant of vice, and unpolluted by its worst seductions, an exemption for which I was indebted to maternal care and guardianship, by the protection afforded to my innocence. As soon as I entered this school, I was very much removed from my mother's inspection, and at no long interval entirely so. Here I came into intimate association with a multitude of boys of all ages, from seven to sixteen.

Utterly unconscious of the perils to which I was exposed, I easily yielded to the temptations that beset me; and my temper, too susceptible of evil to preserve me from the contagion which surrounded me, quickly rendered me a victim to the abominations that were incessantly before me.

When reflecting on this part of my history, I cannot avoid deeply feeling the injuries that were inflicted upon me: injuries likely to have spread their pernicious consequences over my whole life, and to have issued in the most fearful results in the life to come.

I ought undoubtedly, young as I was, to have obeyed the checks of conscience which I occasionally experienced, and to have resisted the inducements to evil which so fatally beset me: but I cannot avoid censuring the neglect of moral discipline in a case where it was so much needed, and where, though it might not have accomplished all that was desirable, would, without doubt, have proved exceedingly beneficial. The master of the school was a clergyman, consequently a teacher of religion and morals; but he was little attentive to the discharge of the obligations of this class to which he had voluntarily subjected himself. It was impossible he could be ignorant of the enormities that were perpetrated within reach of his observation, but which he certainly exerted little or no effort to control.

We now proceed to extract from Mr. Walford's letter those portions that refer directly to his own description of his attack of severe mental disease. In Letter XVI, after referring to his resignation of his pastoral charge at Yarmouth, he observes:—

I have, hitherto, said nothing respecting an insidious malady, by which, from a very early age, I was often very grievously affected, but of the nature and causes of which I was altogether ignorant, though its effects were inexpressibly painful. This malady had shown itself, chiefly, by almost incessant headaches from my infancy, but soon after my settlement in Yarmouth it assumed a new form. I was attacked by paroxysms of despondency, which during their con-

* 1. Autobiography of the Rev. William Walford. Edited (with a continuation) by the Rev. John Stoughton (of Kensington.) London: Jackson and Walford, St. Paul's Churchyard.—2. Memoir of Richard Williams, surgeon: catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society in Tierra del Fuego. By James Hamilton, D. D. London: J. Nisbet, 1854.

tinuance rendered life a burden almost intolerable. I could give no account of the reasons of such disquietude, and was at a loss to devise any probable means of relief. As, however, it was indispensable to try something, I took a journey on horseback for three or four weeks, and rode three or four hundred miles. The daily exercise, and change of scene and object, greatly relieved me, and at my return I had acquired my usual state of spirits and vigor. But after the interval of a few months, gloom and disquietude again overwhelmed me, and I was constrained to try some amusement that might alleviate the distress, and chase away the clouds. Alternate paroxysms and remissions of this description were experienced during the whole of my abode in Yarmouth. With almost every source of happiness open to me, I was often, for months together, more wretched than I can describe. My prospects were darkened by the thickest clouds, all things present and future were encompassed with fear and dread. Taciturnity, irritability of temper, an unnatural and diseased sensibility of conscience, and such a degree of indolent lassitude as rendered every mental occupation distasteful, increased over me to such a degree, as to alarm me lest the sanity of my mind should be subverted. At times my thoughts were so agitated and my conceptions so disturbed, as to make me apprehensive that some foreign invisible agency was acting upon me; imaginations of the most extraordinary nature often darted upon me with such rapidity, as left me without control over them.

I went into company as much as possible, read amusing books, rode much on horseback, but all was in vain; nothing availed to interrupt or divert my thoughts from the most distressing and perplexing difficulties of speculation, as long as the paroxysms continued to exert their power over me. Often I wandered about the fields and country, driven from my occupations and my home, by unutterable anguish, lingering in unfrequented lanes, and hanging on gates and stiles, pouring out frantic and broken supplications to God to have mercy on me. Not seldom I was alarmed lest, in spite of myself, I should abandon all religion, and become an infidel or atheist. I dared not disclose to any the condition of my feelings, lest I should be taken for such, or for a madman. My pious, cheerful, and affectionate wife, was but too sensible that some sad cause of disquietude preyed upon me; but for several years, I replied to her anxious inquiries merely, that my spirits were low and depressed, from what cause I knew not. If these torturing paroxysms had not been relieved by frequent intervals, I must necessarily have relinquished my profession, as it was with inexpressible difficulty I performed its duties, while they were forcibly pressing upon me. So extraordinary, however, was my state, that during the intermissions I experienced, I was often cheerful and even gay; I lost sight of my sorrows, and was astonished at myself that I could ever be so painfully affected. This alternation of feeling altogether unaccountable to me, continued to actuate me through the whole period of my residence in Yarmouth.

Mr. Walford became one of the classical teachers at Homerton College, and of his residence here he writes:—

During the first years of my abode at Homerton, I enjoyed many remissions, that were greatly aided by our long vacations, and the journeyings for which they afforded opportunity. Though I had no regular and stated obligation of preaching, I yet was employed on the greater proportion of the Sundays, in delivering one, two, and even three discourses, to congregations in London or the adjacent populous villages. These engagements, I found, were seldom unaccompanied by advantage to myself, as they interrupted the morbid tendency to gloomy thought and painful speculation, which I had no power of otherwise overcoming. They had frequently a still more beneficial effect, in exciting religious affections, under the influence of which I was induced to hope, with a lively expectation, that I should at length be freed, in the possession of immortal life, from all the sorrows and burdens that now oppressed me.

Such intervals of delight were very transient; and the next day, often the next hour, found me again plunged into the gloom which had become habitual to me. I had to encounter more than the many evils by which, as I have told, I was oppressed when I lived in Yarmouth; and I repeated the same and other expedients that I at that time adopted, with a forlorn hope that they might work some relief. The great speculative difficulty respecting the origin of the evil by which, as has been intimated, I had been at various times exceedingly distressed and agitated, returned with such a degree of force, that no means I could employ were able to free me from its perpetual intrusion. At home and abroad, in company and in solitude, it haunted and harassed me; left me no power, with any permanency, to direct my thoughts to other topics, but constrained me to dwell upon it, with scarcely any intermission, at the time when I felt that all my endeavors to solve the mystery were utterly unavailing. No captive loaded with fetters and shut up in the gloom of a dungeon, can more passionately seek for relief than I did, to extricate myself from a bondage which was intolerable. To the anguish occasioned by the incessant occupation of my mind on this one subject, was added a tormenting suspicion, that the Governor of the universe was malevolent, or he would not permit such frightful evils to exist, which he had power at once to terminate. Hence I was involved in never-ending inquiry for some absolute and irrefragable argument in support of the Divine benevolence, as no conception could be fraught with consequences so appalling as that of irresistible power directed by a disposition to delight in inflicting misery.

To discover such an argument, I turned over theological and metaphysical volumes of English and Latin writers, more than I am able to enumerate; but the search was vain. If at any time I thought I had grasped a satisfactory theory, my belief in it was evanescent, and it left me helpless as before. I wanted a demonstrative argument; probabilities and moral reason-

ings appeared to me to be altogether impotent in a case that seemed so flagrant. I exerted my utmost skill to construct a demonstration for myself, but I was unable to succeed. In such a turmoil, the only book that afforded even a temporary relief, was Butler's "Analogy," to which I continually had recourse whenever I was most heavily oppressed; but the alleviation thus gained speedily forsook me. Besides the incessant agony which was thus inflicted, a morbid restlessness of conscience, which never permitted me to think I made the exertion I might do to promote the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of my fellow-creatures, filled me with most distressing apprehensions respecting the reality of my personal piety, and alarmed me lest I should become subject to the anger of God. Amidst such agitations, tossed as I was from wave to wave of inexpressible distress, I often felt no words could so well describe the horrors of my state as Cowper's lines:—

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And, day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

To gain some remission of my anguish, I was compelled, when walking or riding alone, to recite mentally verses, English, Latin, or Greek, which I had committed to memory for this purpose,—an expedient not much less annoying than the cogitations that I wished to shun. During many years, I could seldom or never sleep on going to my bed, without adopting this course.

At length, by the earnest persuasion of a beloved friend, who was, in some degree, acquainted with my disquietudes, I resolved to try what medical aid could do for me; and I applied to a very intelligent and experienced physician for advice, though I augured little advantage from it, as I had a rooted belief that not my body, but my mind, was in want of healing,—a want not to be redressed by medicine.

On relating my case as one of extreme dejection, without assigning such particulars as I have detailed, I received a most positive assurance that the malady was derived from the body, and that there was little doubt it would be overcome by suitable curative means.

No hesitation could exist as to the disinterestedness of the advice, as, on learning from me who I was, the giver of it peremptorily refused any gratuity, and assured me that he should have great pleasure in seeing me, and giving his advice as frequently as I wished. I saw him subsequently many times, always found the greatest kindness and sympathy; but all was, alas! unavailing; as I sunk habitually deeper and more deeply in the slough that on every side environed me. Nothing was now before me but the prospect of being constrained to relinquish my connection with the College, to abandon all my engagements, and, in obscurity and misery to await the approach of dissolution, respecting which I entertained the most direful presages.

In such circumstances, I persisted in pursuing my various occupations, until near the close of

my sixteenth year's residence in the College, when, by an unlooked-for and most grievous occurrence, the cup of bitterness, already filled, was made to overflow. My only daughter, of whom I have before made mention as a very engaging, pious, and accomplished child, now about seventeen, met with an accident, which inflicted a wound on the skull, under the effects of which she languished three or four months, when she expired from pressure on the brain, which baffled the exertions of several eminent medical practitioners to relieve. This blow stunned me, in the first surprise occasioned by it: as soon, however, as I could reflect upon it with any degree of calmness, I felt that, deep as was the anguish I suffered from it, it was small compared with that which I experienced from my troubled apprehensions.

My child was departed from me; yet so contradictory were my feelings, that though my bosom was wrong by alternate paroxysms of doubt akin to atheism, and of imaginations that presented the Governor of the world to me as the adversary, rather than the benefactor and friend of his creatures, I was so awed by the sense of his majesty and wisdom, that, if the lifting up of a finger might have restored to me my much-loved child from the grave, I should have restrained it.

The influence of the two kinds of distress by which I was affected, differed as much as the causes of it did. My own peculiar suffering never softened my heart, never drew a tear from my eyes—I was unable to weep, though I often passionately desired to do so: the grief I felt during the time my child was daily sinking to death, and immediately following, vented itself in floods of tears that seemed to exhaust my whole nature, and render me incapable of repressing them. As soon, however, as "my dead" was committed to the grave, I resolved instantly to return to the vigorous discharge of my college and other duties, as the surest means of overcoming my sorrows. I went into the lecture room: but, after one or two attempts, I found resistance vain; and, to change the scene, went into the country to visit a friend, by whose converse I had often been cheered, and of whose sympathy I was fully assured. I should now terminate my narrative if I were not actuated by a hope that a perusal of what is to follow may afford some support and relief to any of its readers who may suffer from causes similar to those by which I was so long and so grievously afflicted.

It is generally thought by persons in such circumstances, that their cases are singular and extraordinary; and pious sufferers almost universally ascribe their sorrows to the immediate hand of God, who, as they suppose, has withdrawn his favor from them, and has given them up to the sad consequences of their transgressions. They are also exceedingly prone to believe that their suffering is entirely mental and spiritual, and not at all the effect of bodily disease; while, in many instances, they suppose themselves to be acted upon by a satanic influence.

Such notions greatly aggravate the anguish which they feel, and dispose them to despair of

any permanent relief, either now or hereafter. The instance which I am relating will serve to show that these notions are for the most part either partially or entirely groundless; and that such sufferings are the effects of corporeal disease, and the disordered condition of the nervous constitution. Afflictions of this character, like all others to which mortals are liable, are indeed to be traced ultimately to the will and permission of God Almighty, who for purposes inscrutable by men, suffers them to befall even the wise and good, as well as those of different character. We may and must conclude, that neither good nor evil happen but by his appointment; but we have the surest ground on which to believe that no suffering to which we may be exposed, in the present life, furnishes an indication of God's displeasure in individual cases; and it is the peculiar glory of the religion of Christ, that no living man is warranted to despair of divine mercy and forgiveness, but on the contrary, however deplorable his condition may be, he has God's sure promise that he shall obtain favor if he seek it with sincerity, humility, and perseverance.

What share in human sufferings of the kind in question is permitted to the invisible and implacable adversary of God and man, I shall not presume to define. Much of what is false and mischievous on this subject may readily be found; but while the fact of satanic agency in the affairs of mankind, is too strongly stated by the sacred writings to admit of question or disbelief, I know of no scriptural rule by the application of which the influence of such agency may be safely discriminated from the action of the mind itself. The only criterion by which the spiritual and heavenly agency exerted in the minds and hearts of true Christians can be determined, exists in the effects which it produces; where the fruits of the Spirit are found, there the presence of the Spirit is manifest; and where the works of darkness are, there we may be sure is the presence of the prince of darkness. In every possible case, one rule is laid down, and one assurance given, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

The most skilful physiologist is entirely ignorant of the manner in which our bodies and minds exert their mutual action on each other; all he knows is that such action takes place: it is therefore no wonder that we should be utterly unacquainted with the process by which spirits, either heavenly or infernal, exert their respective influences on the souls of men. It is no inconsiderable attainment in divine, as well as human philosophy, calmly to acquiesce within the limits which the feebleness of our faculties assigns to us; and which we can by no exertions pass beyond. How much sorrow should we avoid by such acquiescence! How much of what men call knowledge should we disallow under its guidance!

Mr. Walford, with the view of mitigating his sufferings, retired after his daughter's death into the country. In describing his feelings at this period he thus writes:—

You will be able to form some conception of the state in which I was, when I relate the occurrences of the day on which I left home, and ar-

rived at my friend's abode. Everything was prepared for my journey on the preceding evening, and I retired to my bed at my usual time, in as tranquil a state as could reasonably be expected in my circumstances. I slept quietly until about five in the morning, when I suddenly awoke in a condition which I am unable to describe with any exactness. I seemed to myself to be environed by a dense and sulphureous fog or smoke, and was so overcome by horror as to exclaim aloud, that I was ruined and lost, though I had no conception of the cause that induced the frightful apprehension. I continued, however, to exclaim, when my wife, awakened by the outcry, earnestly asked what was the matter? For some time I could reply only by repeating that I was ruined for ever. At length she entreated me to rise and get ready for my journey, which I did, under the influence of these extraordinary and unaccountable feelings. The morning was very cold, which appeared to revive me, so that by the time I was dressed and ready to set out, I was a good deal relieved. I had to travel about eighty miles by coach, and though freed from the notion of being lost, I was during the day in very excited, yet gloomy and wretched state. The meeting with my friend, and the soothing effect of his company and converse, stilled, in a considerable degree, my perturbed feelings, and I went to bed without any fear of not sleeping.

I nevertheless passed a sleepless night, and during the twelve successive days and nights, in all thirteen, I did not gain a moment's sleep. My nerves seemed to be rigid, and at the utmost tension, and my feelings were hard and unimpressible. I tried the influence of opium one or two nights, in tolerably strong doses, but it produced no effect, and I used it no more. I fully expected I should lose my senses, as it seemed impossible for me to endure the suffering. But I afterwards learned, under the pressure of keener agonies, that no one can estimate the degree of anguish which it is impossible for him to sustain.

As it was my intention to be absent from home not more than a fortnight, I went to my sleepless bed on the last night of my stay, with the forlorn hope of getting some portion of that soothing anodyne; and as I was to set out at four in the morning, I withdrew very early. No sleep or drowsiness came over me for two or three hours, when a violent palpitation of the heart banished all expectation of repose, and I desired an apothecary in the neighborhood to be sent for. When he came, he made the inquiries usual on such occasions, and said he could discern no indications of disease, but, possibly, the liver might be affected; advised an application to a physician, as soon as I could, after my return home; he administered no medicine, but recommended a foot-bath, and left me. Happily the bath answered its intention, and I fell into a profound sleep. I was roused early in the morning, and began my journey homewards, though a good deal depressed.

The weather was frosty and cold, but when I got out of the coach for breakfast, all my sorrows had vanished; my appetite was good, and my

spirits were buoyant, and I got home with an expectation of better times. I spent, however, a sleepless night, though I felt somewhat better than was usual, and met my pupils at the proper time, in the lecture room. As I proceeded with the business, they discovered that I was in great distress, and implored me to desist. I complied, but was never again able to meet them. I had never made any complaints to them, but I learned, after my recovery, that they had long suspected some unknown and great distress was preying upon me. It was the practice of the College, for the whole family to assemble for devotional purposes morning and evening. The morning service was conducted by me, and that of the evening by the students in succession. My prayers, which were always dictated at the moment of delivery, unconsciously to myself led my pupils to this conclusion.

In compliance with the advice I had received, I called on the day of my return upon a physician, a very kind and long well-known friend; he said then but little, which was chiefly to direct a dose of colocynth to be taken, and promised to visit me as soon as the operation of the colocynth should be ascertained. He came, and said he was quite sure the liver was in perfect health. Having been previously informed respecting my feelings and conceptions of myself, he assured me my complaint was unassailable by any medical treatment; that medical men are wholly ignorant of the causes that were concerned in the production of such maladies, and of any methods of cure. He strenuously advised the cessation of all mental exertion, with the utmost possible avoidance of every disquieting concern; entreated me to abstain entirely from opium, and to consult no medical practitioners, as they could do no good, and might do much injury. His decided opinion was, that the brain had been over-worked, and was now, as he said, taking its revenge by demanding rest. The performance of my duties at the College was now suspended, and, after more than a twelvemonth spent in the vain expectation on my own part, and on that of the supporters of the Institution, that I might resume them at no very distant period, I relinquished my office, and my residence in the College. I retired to a house in Hackney, in which during the space of rather more than four years, I underwent horrors of which it is impossible for me to convey an adequate conception.

Here Mr. Walford says he would be inclined to bring his narrative to a conclusion; but he says he writes with a hope of affording solace and comfort to some fellow-sufferers into whose hands his memoir might haply fall. After stating that he was "induced to make trial of travelling, and visiting several distant places, as Brighton, Nottingham, Birmingham, etc.," he proceeds as follows:—

Once I set out in company with two beloved friends, for the Lakes of Cumberland, and the southern parts of Scotland, but was unable, through the extreme agitation of both body and mind, to go beyond Northampton, whence I re-

turned home in deep despair of finding relief by any such means. I was persuaded to try what daily short rides in an open carriage, driven by myself, and accompanied by my wife, would do for me. This I soon discontinued, as I became more and more averse to the persons whom we met, and the places through which we passed. I could scarcely endure the sight of strangers; and the visits of my friends, who called with the intention of consoling me, soon became so irksome as to induce me to secrete myself from them. Several pious friends proposed to me to permit them to hold a meeting for prayer with me; but the proposition excited my alarm to such a degree, that if they had not desisted, I should have become frantic and violent.

I began to shut myself up in solitude, as walking or riding through the streets made me feel as though every one I met was acquainted with my wickedness and misery. I could not endure to look any one in the face; and ere long, the sight of my own face filled me with fear and aversion, as I considered myself to be wholly a reprobate, forsaken of God and odious to man. This unhappy sentiment originated in an irrepressible notion that I had been unfaithful in the performance of my duty, especially that which was connected with my college residence. Every instance of languor, deficiency, and imperfection which came to my remembrance, was so magnified and exaggerated as to appear of the most criminal and unpardonable nature. Before I left the college, I felt assured that I should not survive the day of its taking place; so that I looked forward to it with inexpressible dread and horror. The conception I entertained of my unfaithfulness became so powerful as to convince me that I had no sort of right to retain the property I possessed; and I even contemplated selling the stock which I had in the funds, that I might in some mode or other make away with it, though I was aware such a measure would reduce me and my family to absolute penury and want. The dread of negotiating this sale and making the transfer, which could not be done but in my presence at the bank, deterred me; though I had so much power over myself as to execute a warrant, giving to my wife authority to receive the interest, lest in some reckless hour I should perpetrate so perilous a deed.

My worthy and most sympathizing friend, the Treasurer to the college, to whom I intimated what was passing in my bosom, — for strange as it may appear, I could not restrain myself from divulging nearly all my feelings, — used every expedient he could devise from day to day, to persuade me that all my misery originated in delusion, and that no greater satisfaction could be felt by all the patrons of the institution, than would result from my return to the office I had holden. But his endeavors were all fruitless, and I continued in hourly dread that I should be reduced to abject poverty, and end my days in a work-house, a prison, a lunatic asylum, or a ditch; and not improbably by my own hands. For many months I suffered from disordered action of the heart, and a remission of pulse, which, whenever I was excited, — and almost every occurrence produced excitement, — occa-

sioned a species of convulsive action, which I thought would suffocate me. Besides which, I appeared to myself to be surrounded with a dense vapor, that prevented me from clearly beholding the objects of vision. My nights were often sleepless, and I was in such constant alarm and trepidation, that I could not allow myself to be left alone for an instant, without uttering cries of agony. In such a condition, a year slowly glided over me. I was not, indeed, at all times equally oppressed; as now and then, chiefly in the latter hours of the day, I was so freed from my gloom and dreary apprehensions, as to feel some measure of cheerfulness, which tempted me to hope for entire deliverance from my grievous bondage; but after many alternations of such feelings, I learned that no reliance on the flattering hope could be exerted, as in a few hours the brightness vanished, and the clouds accumulated as thickly as ever. The morning hours were invariably the worst seasons of the day.

After the expiration of this first year, all my distressing symptoms increased in strength and continuance. The remissions of which I have just spoken, became less and less frequent; and during the succeeding four years, I was oppressed by unbroken darkness, and tortured by anguish, which I will describe as well as I am able in my next letter, though no words can express with adequate force the terrors through which I passed.

I am quite at a loss to relate in the order of their occurrence, the truly frightful sufferings to which I was subjected; nor is it either possible or desirable I should recite the half of them. In the course of the first year to which I have adverted, I was disposed incessantly to talk of my feelings, and to weary the members of my family by reiterated complaints. I had habitually no religious feelings, but such as were made up of the keenest anguish, on account of the loss of all those pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, in exercises of public and private devotion, and of the utter despair in which I was involved, of obtaining the future blessedness which is promised to all the faithful disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. Sometimes, however, during that period, an unusual excitement to pray would so prevail over me, as to induce me to desire all who might happen to be in the room where I was, in whatever they might be engaged, to kneel while I addressed supplications to Heaven, with an earnestness almost frantic, for some alleviation of my intolerable anguish. After about the period of which I write, these impulses altogether forsook me, and I for days and weeks together used no prayer, unless that now and then a passionate ejaculation would escape from me.

I now shut myself as much as possible from the observation of any but my own family, and for two or three years never passed the threshold of the street-door. I abandoned all public and social devotion, as I could not bear it; and thought it vain and useless for my condition, which I felt assured was that of a lost and reprobate wretch. Not unfrequently, when called to dinner, I rushed out of the house into the garden,

because I could not dare to implore a blessing, or express any thankfulness to God, who had, as I believed, entirely and finally deserted me, and had become my Almighty enemy. Books of every description I ordered to be removed out of my notice, and insisted on the whole of my library being sold, at whatever loss might be incurred; and that was considerable, as I had paid exorbitant prices, on account of the closing of the continent during the French war, for a large number of them, and which were extremely depreciated by the return of peace, which opened a free intercourse with all parts of the world.

My reason for this procedure was, that books of every kind, especially religious ones, and the Bible in the greatest degree, were associated with remembrances that I would gladly have banished forever from my mind. I earnestly wished I had never learned to read or write, while at the same time I felt the strongest desire to engage in both, but was driven from them by the morbid sensibility, which was so extreme as to be affected by every topic of thought that was presented to me. Similar feelings constrained me to shun the converse of my friends, though I was passionately desirous of their converse. I could compare myself only to a human body, the skin of which having been stripped off, no part can be touched without inflicting agony. This condition at length increased to such a degree, that I could not bear the ordinary conversation of the members of my family, whether they were sad or cheerful. The light of day so distressed me, that I had all my windows blinded. The sun, the moon, and stars filled me with inexpressible dread, and I beheld them as seldom as was possible. All ornamental furniture, especially looking-glasses, was especially offensive to me, and was removed from the apartment in which I lived. My own personal appearance was neglected to the utmost. I should never have shaved myself, or changed my clothing, but for the affectionate remonstrances of my wife; nor could I endure the thought of having new clothes made. For what purpose, I said to myself, should an outcast wretch like me pay any regard to external appearance or ornament? It seemed even shocking to me, and monstrous.

My irritability of temper was so great, that I fully expected, in some fit of passion, I should murder some of the inmates of my house. And this notion became so strong, that for about two years it was seldom absent from my thoughts; so that I often, in imagination, underwent all the forms of public prosecution; invented speeches I would make at my trial, when I knew I should plead guilty; and endured agonies in this way that could scarcely have been exceeded by reality. During the four last years of my extraordinary wretchedness, I was perpetually haunted by an extreme apprehension that I should destroy myself, in order to get free from the incessant torment I was compelled to endure. I never indeed proceeded to any actual attempt on my life, though I was very often revolving the different methods of destroying it, and considering which I should choose. My patient wife was sometimes cautioned by her friends to remove from me, as far as possible, the means of destruc-

tion; and I was continually telling her of the thoughts that were perpetually present to me. Often I asked if she was not afraid of living with me; but her reply invariably was, "Not in the least degree." She knew me too well, and was too confident of God's mercy to herself and to me, she said, to have any such apprehensions.

The agitation and restlessness that affected me were so great, that I was unable to sit down, as the moment in which I attempted to do so brought an increase of misery; and I was thus kept pacing up and down my parlor, from the time of getting up until going to bed. I was so intensely wearied by this incessant going to and fro, as frequently to scream with anguish. In consequence of this painful excitement, I seldom rose from my bed before noon, as I was able to continue this posture without additional pain. As soon as I came down stairs, I hastily swallowed my breakfast, standing, and then the endless movement began. While my body was thus occupied, my mind was the seat of the direst contemplations, revolving the past and the future, until sometimes, when thinking of my pious friends who were no longer living on earth, I loudly bid them an everlasting adieu, as I was never to be admitted to the rest to which they had been conducted, or join in those strains of celestial harmony that resound through the abodes of the blessed and immortal inhabitants, and to which I formerly hoped I should be conducted, when the trial of life should have been surmounted. On such occasions, sighs of distress, so deep from my bosom, would involuntarily escape, as too plainly indicated the profound sorrow that affected me. To this day more than twenty years have passed away, yet I am often surprised by sudden sighing, which, though unassociated with any sentiment of distress, occasions a temporary emotion.

Through this weary, toilsome, and excruciating period, my nights were often almost, if not quite sleepless. When endeavoring to compose myself to rest, I was often roused to vigilance by convulsive startings, which no sooner ceased, than the most hideous appearances of monstrous face and shape would pass before me; to free myself from which, I was constrained to keep my eyes open, that the real objects about me might dispel those of my disordered imagination. How often did I exclaim, in the words of the suffering patriarch, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit. * * * When I say, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions. * * * Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." Amidst these bitter agonies, I was annoyed more than can be imagined by a cause which seems trivial, but was far otherwise. Very often, persons, places, and things would occur to me, the names and particular appearances of which I was unable to recall without long endeavor of a most wearisome kind. I could not remember the name of some one, nor present to my fancy the faces or forms of various persons or things with which I had been familiar; nor could I banish them from

my thoughts, but was constrained to use every method I could devise to bring to my remembrance what I was forced to pursue, until I alighted on the name or object that was suggested to me. Days together was I employed in this fruitless pursuit, without being able to discover what I wanted. Often, when found, it would suggest to me something else of the same kind, with similar disquietude, till I felt that the labors of Sisyphus were less fatiguing and useless than those from which I could not escape. My nights were often greatly disturbed by the sudden occurrence of some such things, that suddenly darted on me when nearly asleep, and instantly banished all power of sleep.

Early in the commencement of the four years to which I am directing attention, a suggestion was made to me by some friend to try some game, as chess, bagatelle, drafts, etc. At first, I rejected the proposal with scorn; but on afterwards conceiving a hope that, perhaps, somewhat of this kind would enable me to sit so much as to avoid the extreme weariness of being always on my feet, I made trial of chess, which succeeded so far as to keep me on a chair. Having made this discovery, I called regularly for the chess-board as soon as I came down stairs in the morning, and insisted that my wife or niece (who lived with us) should play the whole day, until it was time to retire for sleep. In this manner I played thousands of games, sometimes varying the employment by backgammon, etc. Some inconsiderable degree of alleviation was thus obtained during the day. As, however, my companions were compelled at bedtime to withdraw, I was then left alone for hours, as I exceedingly dreaded to go to bed, on account of the sleeplessness and other innumerable disquietudes which I almost invariably had to encounter. I therefore paced up and down the room until midnight, or later. These solitary hours were the most afflicted I was doomed to suffer. Sometimes I was so alarmed lest the anger of God should suddenly fall upon me, and seal my doom, that my limbs trembled with the agitation of my thoughts.

It would not be difficult to enlarge this relation of misery, but enough has been said to weary me in the recital, and more than enough, I fear, to weary the reader of these dreary pages; I shall, therefore, after observing that these midnight hours were rendered, in some degree, more easy by my finding out that I could play backgammon without a partner, as the game very much depends on the dice, terminate the harrowing detail.

I must, however, remark, that every hope of recovery was long banished from me, and I believe from my friends: this utter prostration of hope aggravated, as much as aggravation was possible, the misery of my condition. Yet recovery at length, though long despaired of, came, and through the great mercy of God, I was rescued from "the horrible pit, and the miry clay," into which I had seemed to be rapidly sinking.*

This state of mental gloom and despondency was, however, to come to an end. We

will quote in detail Mr. Walford's own account of his extraordinary recovery :—

The blissful recovery which I experienced was not to be ascribed to any medical process whatever. I had, indeed, much against my own inclination, been so importuned by my friends as to consent, three or four years before my recovery took place, to consult one or two medical advisers; but the effect proved, as I fully expected, that nothing was to be hoped for from this expedient, and I positively refused to see any other medical persons. About the same time, I was over persuaded, on account of my general inability to sleep, to keep laudanum by my bedside, and to have recourse to it when sleep was found to be impracticable. I tried this measure two or three times without any sensible effect, and firmly resolved to take no more. I adhered to my purpose, and no other experiments of the kind were ever adopted. A few months before any symptoms of improvement appeared, I now and then prevailed on myself to walk up and down a few hundred yards in the road adjacent to my house, when I was concealed by the darkness of the night from the notice of any who might pass me. Soon after, I went several evenings, when the light of day had departed, into my garden, and paced up and down for some time. On these occasions, I sometimes felt an impulse, during my walks, to pray with deep fervency, that some measure of relief might be afforded to me. These prayers were short and broken, yet I trust they found acceptance in heaven.

Some weeks or months after these occurrences, an old friend from Suffolk, a most worthy minister, came to see me, and stayed a day or two. I had formerly smoked many a pipe of tobacco in company with my friend, though for the preceding five years I could not bear the sight of a pipe. My wife, aware of his habits, had the materials for smoking set before him, which he employed, and earnestly pressed me to accompany him, which I passionately refused to do. On the evening of his departure, when, as usual, I was the only person sitting up, it occurred to me to try if I could smoke, which for four or five years I had discontinued, on account of the manifest bad effects which it produced on my pulse: I instantly procured for myself the smoking apparatus, and found I could perform the operation without the injurious results which had induced me to relinquish the practice. Soon after this experiment, I resolved to try if I could read, though I was under a great difficulty to select a book that did not seem likely to awaken painful associations, and I especially shunned all such as treated of religious subjects. Accident determined my choice. I had not relinquished a Book Society of which I was a member, though the books that came to my house were carefully concealed from my notice. At the time of which I am now writing, I found that a "History of the Cotton Manufacture," by Mr. Baines, was brought to my house, and as it seemed not very likely that anything in it would excite my feelings, I resolved, though with extreme apprehension, to try this book. In a day or two, I found nothing in it that much distressed me, and I perused it

to its close. It amused me, and after reading it again, I wrote out a pretty extensive abridgment of it. I then attempted a work by Mr. Babbage, the title of which is, I think, "The Economy of Manufactures."

After reading and epitomizing these works, I was so much quieted as to regret I had no others of similar character: and I then engaged in writing a translation of the history of Herodotus. Before I had completed my translation of the first book of that history, the spring brought the month of May. My son entreated his mother to take a ride in a carriage with him, and I joined in the entreaty, as I greatly wished she should enjoy some refreshment of this kind. The carriage was brought to the door, when my faithful wife positively refused to go unless I would accompany them. This, I both thought and said, was impossible. She, however, persisted in her refusal; and for some time I warmly remonstrated with her, and urged her going. While I was thus engaged, a sudden inquiry offered itself to me: Why I could not go? I could discover no reason; and calling for my hat, I jumped into the carriage, when I directed the driver to take us to Epping Forest, through Wanstead and Woodford, a ride which, in former years, I had often taken with great pleasure. The verdure of the grass, trees, and country in general, with the fineness of the weather, so affected me, that all my fears, disquietudes, and sorrows vanished as if by a miracle, and I was well,—entirely relieved, and filled with a transport of delight such as I had never before experienced. My hope and confidence in God were restored, and all my dreary expectations of destroying myself or others were entirely forgotten. On my return home from this reviving excursion, every desire to shut myself up and exclude my friends was departed, and I could with difficulty restrain myself from being always abroad.

This extraordinary change of feeling took place, as I have said, in May; and on the first day of the following August, I set out in company with my son and an active friend, who had before travelled on the continent, for France, Switzerland, and Germany. The delights of that journey were so enhanced by contrast with the events of the five preceding years, that I was in a species of rapture throughout the whole. I felt no apprehensions of danger in going so far from home; and the glorious scenes I witnessed so enchanted me, that my pleasure overflowed the limits of ordinary enjoyment. One only regret was occasioned by the unavoidable necessity, under which my companions in travel were placed, of returning at the end of the month to business; by which I was hurried from scenes of surpassing grandeur and interest, before I had half gratified myself with gazing upon them. Enchanted and fascinated as I was with this tour, I attribute no part of my recovery to it, as I had been entirely freed from my sad condition, both of body and mind, before it took place; if this had not been the case, no wishes of my own, nor any entreaties of my friends, would have had power to persuade me to set out upon it, so deeply was I affected by the remembrance

of former disappointments. Immediately after my return, I was seized with a most unexpected and severe diarrhoea, which I thought would terminate my joys and sorrows alike: it yielded, however, to skilful medical treatment, after some days; and one of my medical attendants, who had long been acquainted with my constitution, assured me when the vehemence of the paroxysms was abated, that the effects of it were far more beneficial than any medical treatment could have produced; and he anticipated a perfect freedom from the return of my distressing nervous disease. This anticipation has been verified by several successive years of established health; and though I am now occasionally in some measure disturbed by some of the minor symptoms of my disorder, for short periods, chiefly during the hours of night, my general health is remarkable for my years; and the condition of my feelings tranquil and cheerful, though seldom much elevated.

It will not appear surprising that, after the singular and remarkable detail that has been given, I felt a great wish, if possible, to ascertain the cause of nearly fifty years intense suffering through which I had passed. While, indeed, under the great force of my sorrows, I was evermore induced to regard them as arising from mental and spiritual causes, quite independent of any bodily disease; yet as soon as my recovery was confirmed, I strongly suspected this notion was incorrect, and some recollections of former years led me to the conclusion that it was quite unfounded. My natural temperament had ever appeared to me to be more of the sanguine than the saturnine species, so that whenever I possessed myself sufficiently to consider the case impartially, I imagined that somewhat superinduced, and not native, was the source of my melancholy despondency. I shall therefore briefly mention the occurrences that befell me, and the conclusion from them at which I arrived, by putting them together. My knowledge of physiology is very scanty, so that if my memoir should meet the eye of any proficient in that science, I must crave his candor for what I am about to state relative to my belief of the nature and causes of my complaints. I have what appears to me to be a probable judgment on the whole case, which, however, I do not presume to represent as if it were demonstrated, or as entitling me to impose it on persons who are alone qualified scientifically and religiously to decide respecting it.

From a very early age—say five or six years from my birth—I was subject to very severe attacks of headache, which increased in intensity up to about the twenty-second or twenty-third year of my age. At this time I was a student, and my studies were very often seriously affected by this frequency of pain. About this period, my attention was forcibly drawn to an increasing discharge of fetid mucus from one (the left) of my nostrils, which became very offensive to me, and clearly indicated something wrong on the left side of the upper part of the interior of my head. The first surgeon in London was at that time Mr. Cline, to whom I applied for advice. His opinion was that an ulcer had formed in the

frontal sinus, which he supposed to be easily curable could it be got at: as this was impracticable, he recommended certain applications of mercury to the nostrils, the vapors of which were to be conveyed by the agency of heat into the head. This practice was tried for some time, but served only to aggravate the symptoms, and was therefore discontinued. Soon after this experiment, I went to Birmingham to visit my friends, when it occurred to me to consult Dr. Withering, who was then practising as a physician with eminent reputation. He did not coincide with Mr. Cline's opinion, but inquired if I had at any time suffered an injury upon the skull? It had never before occurred to me to reflect on what I had often heard from my mother, that when I was about two years old I had fallen on the edge of a fender, and inflicted a very dangerous wound on my forehead, the scar of which was at that time quite visible. On directing his attention to this mark, he instantly said, there was the origin of my pain; a wound had been produced in the interior of the sinus, which he feared would never be healed, though it was not impossible it might be worn out by the increase of years. He cautioned me against allowing any tampering with it, as it was impossible to do good, and injury might be inflicted. He advised the application of leeches, whenever the pain might be very troublesome; and recommended me to take snuff plentifully, as the means of stimulating the secretion of mucus, in order to assist the escape of the purulent matter that was ever forming, and was the chief cause of the headaches from which I suffered.

This advice appeared to me to be wise and good, and I immediately acted upon it, with great ultimate though not immediate benefit, as my headaches continued without material diminution, for perhaps four or five years. Soon after I went to reside in Yarmouth, which was when I was on the point of thirty years of age, I experienced the first serious attacks of the malady, the growth and termination of which have been described in the last letters, and need not therefore be repeated. After the first of these paroxysms of despondency took place, I gradually perceived the headaches by which I had been so long afflicted were almost imperceptibly becoming less frequent and intense, while the symptoms of dejection increased in about the same proportion. These changes were so slowly effected as to elude much observation at the time of their occurrence, though I subsequently became painfully conscious of them, in the great increase of my mental suffering, and the almost entire cessation of the hemiplegia, or partially local headache. After my recovery, when often reflecting on the course of suffering through which I had passed, it occurred to me that the headaches and the mental depressions were the results of one common cause—the injury inflicted on my head in infancy. I conceived that the headaches were the effects of the injury, so long as the consequences of it were confined to the sinus exterior to the brain; and that the mental suffering, which by slow degrees succeeded to the decreasing pains of the head, and finally displaced them, was caused by what medical men technically term *metastasis*, or a

transference of the effects of the injury from the external sinus to the interior of the cranium, and these so affected the brain and the nervous system that is dependant on it, as to produce the grievous sorrows of which I was, for almost sixty years, the subject.

The conception now stated is entirely my own, and if it be incorrect, the incorrectness belongs only to myself, and I have set it down as a probable reason for attributing many of what are called nervous diseases to injuries immediately or remotely affecting the brain and the nervous system, in a greater or less degree, though I hope and believe, in few instances so pregnant with intense and durable wretchedness as that from which I was mercifully delivered. My notion, which I have briefly developed, of the origin of my malady, derives some confirmation from the observation made to me by Dr. Withering, which I have noticed, that possibly the effect of my early injury might be outgrown by advancing years. Such, I imagine, is the probable reason of my sudden and almost instant recovery: the cause was exhausted, and the effect ceased.

When referring, in another portion of his autobiography, to his restoration to health, Mr. Walford, when speaking of the probable physical cause of his attack of mental depression, observes:—

Ignorant, prejudiced, and irreligious men are frequently guilty of ascribing such a derangement as that which I have described to false conceptions of the nature of religion, and the extravagances of heated and fanatical imaginations—the results of puritanical or methodistic representations of Christianity. By such means they endeavor to discredit all serious and spiritual piety, and to justify their own careless and wicked disregard of it. In the instance which this memoir offers to observation, it is plain and undeniable that the dejection, melancholy, and excited apprehensions of misery, present and future, would have agitated any individual whatever, religious or irreligious, who should have suffered from physical injury a similar disturbance of nervous and mental health. The specific objects on which the morbid influence is exerted will vary, according to the several predominant characteristics of the persons affected by it: irreligious men are as liable to such injuries, and the natural effects of them, as any of directly opposite and contrary character; but the special effects will differ, just as the individual habits, mental and moral, differ from each other. A bad man may be the victim of nervous derangement, but his dejection will not be associated with anguish arising from his apprehension that he has lost the favor of God, together with the forfeiture of all the pure and heavenly delights which his dependance on God, and his converse with him, were wont to impart: his distress may be very great, but it will have no relation to his exclusion from the “spirits of just men made perfect,” and a final separation from his friends whom he had loved on account of their sympathy in holy affections, and in converse with whom he had been expecting a friendship more perfect and an intercourse more blissful than can be enjoyed in this mortal and transient state.

Other fears, apprehensions, and terrors will engage his thoughts and agitate his bosom, according to the strength and virulence of his perturbed imagination, but they cannot be imputed to either his supposed or actual piety, as he is possessed of neither.

Mr. Walford's recovery was not, however, a permanent one. The Rev. Mr. Stoughton, in his continuation of the memoir, says:—

On the 21st of December, 1849, the Editor received from his revered and beloved friend a note—the last he ever sent to him—containing an invitation in the following terms, which show the feelings with which he anticipated the birthday that proved his last:—

“If I am permitted to live until the 9th of January next, I shall have completed my 77th year; and I write for the purpose of saying that I hope you and Mr. Stoughton will come and dine with me on that day, and spend as many more days and nights with us as you can afford. You will not, I hope, allow anything, if possible, to prevent my having this pleasure, as I cannot look for returns of that day without presumption.”

The invitation was gladly accepted, and the day thus spent with him was one of unusual gratification. Infirmary seemed to have but slightly touched his vigorous constitution, while age had not at all impaired the energy of his strong intellect, or cooled the ardor of his domestic and social affections. His conversation was, as ever, intelligent and sensible, and indicated that his mind was in a state of placid enjoyment. It was interesting to see his manly and venerable form, seated at the fireside of his library, surrounded by his favorite authors, to listen to the reminiscences of old times, and to remarks pronounced in no undecided tone, on various topics, theological and literary, and to witness the beaming forth of that unaffectedly genial spirit which always crowned his simple, but generous and hearty hospitalities. Old age with a matured mind and a mellowed heart is always beautiful. It resembles a tree tinted with autumnal hues of glorious richness, and reflecting from its leaves the brilliant rays of sunset. A charm of precious holy power invests it, which whoso feeleth not hath a dry and withered soul. The subject of these recollections was a choice specimen of such old age, and rarely was it seen in a better light than on that last birthday.

A few weeks after this, intelligence of an alarming kind respecting him was received by his friends in town. He had become seriously indisposed, and in connection with very considerable physical disease, some plain symptoms of his old melancholy had made their appearance. But after a little while there was a marked improvement. Health, bodily and mental, seemed as if they would be entirely restored. During a visit paid to him by the writer, Mr. Walford expressed the alarming apprehensions he had felt lest his previous sad visitation should return in unmitigated force. And then with touching simplicity, while his eyes were full of tears, and his lips quivered with irrepressible emotion, he adverted to the efforts he had used to quell his dark

forebodings by a humble and believing application of the Gospel to his own case.

"I can only rest," said he, "on the most general assurances of the divine mercy; declarations which include all are alone such as I can believe include me. 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' That is *general* enough. It gives me hope."

After repeated references to this encouraging topic, he resumed his wonted love of conversation, discussing several theological and critical questions with unabated interest; and as some references happened to be made to popular methods of representing truth by the aid of imagery and illustration, he observed that such modes, though at times very important, desirable, and even necessary, could never yield satisfaction to a mind of his habits, desiring as he did to get below the outward covering and drapery of truth, to investigate its essential nature, and to form clear, definite, and abstract views of its substance and soul.

The impression left by the interview was highly encouraging, and it was fervently hoped that the last clouds of eventide had broken and would vanish, and that the going down of the sun would be a scene of glory. But the hope was soon checked. Tidings of relapse, fearful relapse, succeeded. Another visit was paid, and how different was the scene in the quiet little study at Uxbridge from that witnessed only a few weeks before! How very different from the cheerful birthday scene! Disease had manifestly been at work. The form had shrunk; the face was haggard; the sunken eye indicated despondency. He made an affectionate acknowledgment of his friend's kindness in coming to visit him, but expressed himself as no longer entitled to the pleasures of friendship, no longer worthy of esteem and regard. Books, which he had so much valued, he declared were now a torment to his sight. Philosophy, his favorite pursuit, he denounced as a word he could not endure. Incessant restlessness would not allow him to remain in his chair for a minute, but he was ever pacing his study with perturbed emotion. It was night, dark, starless night, with that soul that had once been so bright and sunny. All efforts made to administer consolation were instantly repelled, and he dwelt with agonizing earnestness upon his state of mind, which he described in terms characteristic of his usual correct and exact habit of expression, but swelling out sometimes into bursts of unwonted eloquence—the eloquence of despair. It was plain that with the recurrence of physical disease had come the dense morbid melancholy of bygone years.

It was a painful task for those who watched him to see with what power the malady operated on his mind; not merely beclouding his thoughts with regard to religion, but, as in the former case, producing strange ideas and fears with regard to his circumstances. Yet, amidst his mysterious hallucinations there came now and then, especially once, a lucid space in which disease

gave way, and Christian faith and hope burst forth.

Continuing the narrative his biographer observes:—

A third visit paid by the writer was scarcely less mournful than the second. The bed-room, to which disease and infirmity now confined Mr. Walford, so darkened, by his express direction, as scarcely to leave his features visible, was but as a sign and symbol of the mental state of the venerated and much-loved sufferer. With perverse acuteness he parried off all arguments of consolation, and obstinately averred that while his distress twenty years before was the effect of disease, his present sorrow was independent of such a cause. His explanations of the former visitation were repeated, but in vain. His pertinacious refusal of all comfort, was however, but too plain a proof of the renewed and entire ascendancy of that same insidious morbid influence which had previously been such a destroyer of his peace. Still it was hoped that a time of joy would return. Anxiously did his affectionate niece, who resided with him, and his not less affectionate daughter-in-law, who spent the last few weeks under his roof, watch and wait for such a happy season, even as the watchman waiteth for the morning: but in this world it never came. The paroxysms of anguish, indeed, abated; he spoke less and less of his sorrow, and sunk down into a state of silence, if not torpor. Days and nights gloomily rolled on, so different from their "tranquil gliding" which he frequently described in his letters and other papers; but it was the happy confidence of his friends, notwithstanding his own fears, that the angry billows, no less than the gentle wave, was bearing his weather-beaten bark to the better land. That land he reached on the 22d of June, 1850. The poor body looked truly like a wreck; but the eye of Christian faith could see the soul, which had often had such hard work to pilot the unmanageable vessel, safe beyond the reach of storms and the return of night, on the shores of the heavenly country.

We copy for the perusal of those who are interested in this case, the account given in the appendix of the *post mortem* examination of Mr. Walford. It is as follows:—

Examination of the body of the Rev. William Walford, on the 27th June, 1850, the fifth day after his decease:—

No remarkable external appearance; there was more fat over the whole body than could have been expected, when his long illness and great abstinence from food are considered. On opening the head, the dura mater was found so firmly attached to the bone at two points, as to be incapable of separation without being torn. Those two points were—one near the superior and anterior angle of the right parietal bone, the other at the superior and posterior angle of the left parietal bone: they were marked on the internal surface of the bones by deep depressions having a sort of honeycombed appearance, but not carious. The outer table of the skull alone re-

maintained at these parts, and its thickness scarcely exceeded stout letter-paper; the size of both depressions was nearly the same—about an inch long by three-fourths of an inch in breadth. The color of the brain under the first point was different from all its surrounding surface; it had assumed a green tinge similar to long-retained pus: this did not extend more than a quarter of an inch into the substance of the brain. There was no discoloration of the brain at the second point, nor was there elevation of the surface at either: the depressions in the bone were from thickening of the dura mater in those specified localities. The dura mater throughout its whole extent had lost much of its proper vascularity, and assumed a thickened yellow, leathery appearance. Over the whole surface of the brain there was considerable serous effusion: the ventricles were full of water—there were no signs of recent inflammatory action, but there were several points of unnatural adhesion of the membranes, denoting former existence of an inflammatory state. The lungs were sound throughout, but had large adhesive bands at various parts, the consequence of inflammation at some remote time. There were several ounces of water in both sides of the chest.

The heart was large, flabby, and covered with a good deal of fat, especially at the base. It contained no blood—it was strongly adherent to the pericardium over the whole space corresponding to the left ventricle, the evident effect of inflammation at some former time. The valves of the heart were sound; the aorta was fully one-half larger than natural, and at its origin from the heart, was an almost continuous circle of ossification. The whole inner surface of the left ventricle and of the arch of the aorta had a deep red color, like inflammation, but there were no enlarged capillary vessels to be seen. The pericardium contained about an ounce of water. All the abdominal viscera were in a healthy condition.

DAN. MACNAMARA, Surgeon } Uxbridge.
WILLIAM RAYNER, Surgeon, }

We now proceed to direct the attention of our readers to another work presenting many points of deep psychological interest. In the memoir of Mr. Richard Williams, surgeon, who officiated as catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society in Tierra Del Fuego, we have the details of an extraordinary mental attack, during which this gentleman is said to "have undergone marked spiritual changes." We subjoin Mr. Williams's narrative of the singular illness which issued in what is termed, "his conversion."

I bless God that ever I was afflicted. Not only do I date my conversion from my illness, but I believe that this illness was designed for my conversion. It was a seizure more remarkable than any of which I remember to have heard or read; and, apart from the inward working of the mind, it presented a series of extraordinary symptoms, which seem to defy solution. Myself a medical man, and for many years accustomed to witness

disease in every form, I have been able to explain, to some extent at least, almost every case; but for the cause of my own illness, and for the explanation of its strange symptoms, my knowledge and means of judging fall far short. But whether more natural causes occasioned all the bodily sensations or not, scarcely signifies: the mental changes, I am fully assured, were altogether the work of God.

At the very outset, I should acknowledge that I had no previous belief in the truth of Christianity. I viewed it sometimes in one light, sometimes in another. I regarded it, for the most part, as an absurdity. At its many votaries I wondered, and their understandings I looked down upon as strangely deluded. I could not comprehend how a God should die, nor even bring my mind to admit that an atonement was necessary. The works of infidels, however, I always read with dissatisfaction or disgust; and any scurrilous attack on the faith of others I should have been ready to oppose. But into the truth of the matter I never thought of inquiring; and, as far as my perusal of it went, the Bible was a mere lumber-book. Science, literature, and my profession, were my whole delight; but the truth or falsehood of Christianity I felt it no part of my business to examine.

Of natural religion I had something in my heart. Many a time have I lifted my eyes from nature up to nature's God, and have adored his excellency as revealed in his beautiful and magnificent works. I knew myself to be a creature sprung from God; but I never dreamed that I was a creature accursed before him. I knew God to be infinitely just; but I never feared that that justice would consign me to eternal misery. I knew that I oftentimes acted contrary to my conscience; but I believed that intellectual enlightenment and the mere force of reasoning could carry human nature to perfection, and place it far above the control of passion. I deified human nature as capable of transcendent virtue, and absolutely denied its innate corruption. I hoped that the soul was immortal, but could never feel convinced that it was so; but as to everlasting torments,—I viewed the doctrine as sacrilege, and a defamation of the justice of God. The existence of a devil I believed no more than any other bugbear.

The only instances when confidence in my own opinions has been altogether shaken, were, I well remember, moments when, without an assignable reason, I have awakened from sleep, and an indescribable awe and terror have seized on my soul, filling it with undefined apprehension of the future.*

* To such lucid moments does Jane Taylor refer, in lines not the less poetical because of their simple truthfulness:—

"And yet, amid the hurry, toil, and strife,
The claims, the urgencies, the whirl of life,—
The soul—perhaps in silence of the night—
Has flashes, transient intervals of light;
When things to come, without a shade of doubt,
In terrible reality stand out.
Those lucid moments suddenly present
A glance of truth, as though the heavens were
rent:

Such is a slight picture of my state of mind previous to my illness. Up to the moment when it seized me, I had been engaged in the active duties of my profession. I had visited many patients, and during the evening had felt fatigued and languid, and anxious to seat myself comfortably in my arm-chair. A little after ten o'clock I saw the last of the persons waiting for me, and instantly I felt myself severely unwell. I went up stairs, and threw myself on my bed. In a few minutes I felt inexpressibly ill. The first sensation was an amazing weight on the chest, with difficulty of respiration; the carotids of my throat striking like hammers on my head, and a feeling as though torrents of air were rushing into my brain, and the head were itself expanding. The agony became insupportable, and I knocked for some one to come to me. Meanwhile my mind acquired a wonderful vivacity. Thought upon thought came pouring in with a distinctness of apprehension, enlargement of view, and faithfulness of memory, such as I never before experienced. A power to comprehend my personal identity, and to understand my relation to time and eternity, was wonderfully given me. The passing moment seemed without beginning or end. I felt as though immortal faculties, immortal relations, were beginning to be recognized. The thought began to stagger me, that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. With the thought, darkness—thick, palpable darkness—gathered on my soul. A mountain load seemed to crush my breast. It was girt as with bands of iron. My heart felt too big for its wonted space. A horror of anguish filled my whole being. Unnumbered sins sprang up before my astonished conscience, and Death in his terror rose up to my gaze. Look where I would, there was no hope. One wide, unbounded ocean of dismay and terror, lashed with tempestuous howlings, roared on every side; and the thought of an offended God pierced my soul with madness and despair.

In this state I lay for hours. Meanwhile my sister, alarmed by my knocking, had come and found me speechless. Others of my friends were sent for; then medical attendance. Recourse was had to remedial measures; but I still grew worse. The night passed, and the morning found me the same. A painfully vivid consciousness of everything going on around me added greatly to my distress. The first faint glimmer of light that broke into my soul was when the name of Jesus was uttered. With the very

thought of that name the hope of mercy was allied, and like a drowning man I clung to that hope. In the agony of my soul I called upon that name; and in the meanwhile, finding that one of God's servants (Mr. M., senior) had entered the room, I felt a new hope, as if the very presence of a man of God was a source of safety. He bade me look to Jesus. With the very bidding I felt an infinite joy in so doing. Faith in that holy name rapidly gained the ascendant. My darkness was turned into light, and in a short time I felt a sweet sense of the pardoning mercy of God. After this I grew better and better, and all my symptoms remitted, till I felt nothing except the languor resulting from the violence of my previous sufferings.

Towards the evening, however, a relapse took place, with phenomena essentially different. Beginning with the same contraction of the chest as before, there followed tetanic spasms—a violent jerking of the upper part of the body from side to side, interrupted by quiet intervals, sometimes by a complete rigidity of the neck and spine. So sensitive was I to touch, or to the impression of a breath of air, that the approach of any one evincing an intention to disturb me would throw me into convulsions; and, suspecting tetanus or hydrophobia, the three medical attendants inquired whether I had been bitten by a dog, or had sustained any mechanical injury. With short intermissions, this state of things lasted for successive days, till my strength was nearly exhausted. Towards the close of the fourth day, and during the succeeding night, my eyes were upturned in their sockets; I retained not the slightest power of voluntary breathing; I was incapable of speech; and the attempt to swallow a drop of water brought on spasms which threatened suffocation.

During all this period I was possessed of perfect consciousness; nor had I any pain. The only painful sensation was the impossibility of resisting the convulsive movements of my body, and the fearful constriction of my chest. At first I was, as it were, a mere spectator and observer of the symptoms—thinking, and even reasoning upon them; and when abstracted from their consideration, I felt that I could calmly meditate on God's mercies. I had no painful conflicts about my state, but a settled serenity—a tranquillity for which I could scarcely account, unless from the conviction that my salvation was sure. But during the last night of this stage, I experienced wonderful evidence of a world to come. My friends were assembled at various distances around my bed. The curtains were drawn, and a candle yielded its obscure rays. I heard the sobbings of my relations. I knew that they looked on my life as fast fleeting. I was myself convinced that I should not recover. I had pictured my body carried to the grave, and had marked in mind's eye all the attendant circumstances. Mentally I had taken leave of earth, and I lay in perfect peace, assured of my salvation. A dead silence now reigned around; and as I waited the moment of my final change, it was an intense and deeply absorbing thought that soon the great scene would be revealed. Whilst lying thus, I thought I heard a gentle

And through that chasm of pure celestial light,
The future breaks upon the startled sight;
Life's vain pursuits, and Time's advancing pace,
Appear with death-bed clearness, face to face;
And Immortality's expanse sublime,
In just proportion to the speck of time:
While death, uprising from the silent shades,
Shows his dark outline ere the vision fades;
In strong relief against the blazing sky
Appears the shadow as it passes by.
And though o'erwhelming to the dazzled brain,
These are the moments when the mind is sane;
For then, a hope in heaven—the Saviour's cross,
Seem what they are, and all things else but
dross."

Essays in Rhyme.

knocking. My soul started in expectation. Inwardly I exclaimed, "I come, Lord Jesus!" Relapsing into quietude, I felt all but dismissed. It had the effect of so far arousing me, that I got power to speak, and called to my kindred, who came around me in surprise and anticipation. I took leave of them. I told one to be watchful, and spoke to the others, till power of speech again forsook me. As I lay I drew my hand to my breast to examine its beatings. I felt they were small and weak, and I was content, for I should soon be in another world. I was even anxious to die; for I feared lest, living again, I might lose what now seemed so sure. Then it was that a new order of feelings came over me. I had the most extraordinary sense of the bodily presence of the Power of Darkness standing by the side of my bed; not that I imagined that I saw anything, but I felt as if I could have put my hand on the very spot where he stood, and I shrank from that side with horror and loathing. But, blessed be God! on the opposite side stood, equally revealed to my spiritual senses, the Power unto Salvation, the very embodiment of love; and to this I turned as to a refuge. I shrank from the Evil One, and poured out my prayers to Christ, whose protection was evident to me. Thus I lay, when all of a sudden, the most brilliant light darted into the room, and filled me with astonishment. Now, I thought, the time is surely at hand. God is visibly making manifest his approach. Quickly will the angels of God be descending, and I shall behold my Redeemer. By the vigor thus imparted I was enabled to sit up in bed, and with a feeling like that which Lazarus might have experienced, conscious of a supernatural Presence, I called out to my friends, "Did you not see the light?" Next minute the impression came over me that I was yet to live; and at the same time, inspired with the certainty of knowing what I ought to take. I told my assistant to bring me forty drops of the tincture of opium, and twenty drops of the muriated tincture of iron, and to repeat the dose every twenty minutes. After taking the first dose, I continued sitting in bed; feeling as though entranced; and what is singular, my arms, when extended at an early part of the evening, had remained so, evincing the cataleptic state. I took the second dose, and laid down. These doses, so large that my assistant afterwards wondered what could have possessed him to give them, were the means of my recovery. After a miserable interval, during which the body seemed to be sinking into corruption, and the mind itself seemed to have lost all power of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, a profound sleep closed my eyes. It lasted upwards of twelve hours, and, awaking as from a dream, there remained no trace of my former state, except extreme debility. I never had the slightest relapse, but made rapid progress in recovery.

Dr. James Hamilton, the editor of this memoir, when commenting upon the preceding narrative, observes that there are

One or two circumstances of which an ordinary spectator may possibly judge as accurately as the

patient himself, with all his professional training.

For instance, it was at the close of a laborious day, and when excessively fatigued, that Mr. Williams was first seized with those singular sensations in his head, and with the brilliant accompanying ideas. Now, to say nothing of any intermediate cause, such as determination of blood to the brain, we know that excessive application or exhaustion is not unfrequently followed by similar odd sensations. Dr. Moore mentions Dr. Isaac Watts, who, after great exertion of mind, thought his head too large to allow him to pass out at the study door; as also the case of a gentleman who, after delivering a lecture at the College of Surgeons, said that his head felt as if it filled the room.* With Mr. Williams the sensation was "as though torrents of air were rushing into his brain, and the head itself expanding." Nor do we suppose that it is at all uncommon for nervous exhaustion to be followed by such cataleptic seizures as Mr. Williams experienced, when his eyes were fixed, and when he had lost the power of speech, as well as voluntary respiration. The "inspired certainty" with which he prescribed for himself the tonic opiate, need not surprise us. Suggested by some constitutional craving, invalids often fancy that if they could only obtain a given antidote, they would instantly be well. And they frequently are right. Sometimes the specific is a strange one, and would not readily have occurred to a man of science. In the present instance we presume that science would have countersigned the patient's prescription, had it only known all the circumstances; but then it must be remembered that in the present instance the patient himself was a doctor.

"Intense mental conceptions so strongly impressed upon the mind as, for the moment, to be believed to have a real existence," are amongst the most frequent spectral illusions.† As coming near this class, we must regard that "extraordinary sense of the bodily presence of the Power of Darkness standing by the side of his bed," which filled the imagination of the patient towards the close of his illness, as well as the brilliant light which followed. To bystanders no light was visible, no presence was palpable. Unlike the voice and the light on the road to Damascus, which the spectators heard and saw, these manifestations were confined to the individual's own mind.

Still these ideas were substantially correct. Disease might embody them in forms too material; and yet they were truths. It was true that sins unnumbered stood chargeable against one who had hitherto lived without God in the world. It was true that God was offended, and death was coming. It was true that boundless dismay and terror environed the Christless transgressor. The name of Jesus had no more effect in tranquillizing the conscience and kindling hope than that blessed name should ever have. And the instinct which shrank from the Power of Darkness and

* The Power of the Soul over the Body. By George Moore, M.D. Fourth edition, p. 264.

† See Hibbert on Apparitions. Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, Part 3.

cried to Jesus for protection, was itself a token that a new life was dawning. There might be nervous excitement, but there was also a spiritual awakening. There might be morbid sensations; but the pervading conviction was scriptural, and the consequent change of thought and feeling was permanent. That change we shall leave Mr. Williams to describe:—

"It was on the 15th day of September, 1846, that I was taken ill. It is now September, 1847, when I am writing this. The delightful feelings of the first few days of convalescence I remember well. Joyfully exulting in the interposition of Divine Providence and mercy, which had brought me out of thick darkness into the glorious light of truth, O what a heaven flitted through my soul! Holiness, with its celestial gilding, seemed to tinge every object around me. The world was no longer the same world; its people no longer the same beings. Myself and my fellows I no longer regarded as creatures of a moment's duration, but I saw eternity impressed as a seal on the whole generation of men. The universe was no longer a confused assemblage of indistinct parts, moving towards a gloomy terminus, but, as far as the Divine purposes were concerned, a bright whole of uniform perfection, and the entire expanse filled with love, unbounded love. God himself seemed to move everywhere. All was joy to my soul. I looked on myself as a brand plucked from the burning, and rejoiced in the sure hope of salvation. Jesus was most precious to me,—my glory and infinite joy. The Bible, hitherto a sealed book, was now a river to my thirsty soul. I was astounded at its contents. As I turned over its pages, wonder upon wonder ravished my delighted heart. I felt that I would care to live only for the sake of reading it. It was a glorious light. At times its heavenly rays would subdue me into a mellow and peaceful benignity; at others, rouse me into ecstatic bliss. Everywhere was the authority, the love, of God recognized. Its power to command my obedience was as the thunder-clad arm of Omnipotence and its pleadings for holiness were as the gentle whisperings of love, to which my heart, my mind, my soul answered assent. How I wondered at my former darkness! How amazed did I feel that the precious light had so long shone in my way, and I never had perceived it! I resolved to make it the absolute rule of my life.

"These first days were as though they had been a foretaste of heavenly peace. Never shall I forget my first mortification at finding that sin still existed within me. There had been no actual committal of an offence that my conscience charged me with; yet a sudden and unexpected change had come over me. There was a cloudiness in my mind; my faith was dim; my heart had ceased to exult. It was as though all had been a bright and glorious dream, and I had now awakened to the stern realities of a cold and miserable world. Alas, the bitterness of that moment! I strove to recall my hopes,—they seemed delusion. I read my Bible,—the bright revealing light which had heretofore almost made the very print more clear, was gone; and, although I still knew it to be the Word of God, the page had ceased to enkindle rapture or

inspire emotion. I knew not how to account for this state. I had believed that the work of change and renovation had been completed, at least carried to so high a degree that it was impossible I could wilfully sin against God again. I abhorred the thought; yet here I was in darkness, and sin palpably abounding in my heart. How sad was the sight of myself! It was the first glimpse at the inherent corruption and original depravity of my heart. It was the first of a series of painful but important lessons which convinced me that God had only hitherto instructed me in the first principles, and laid the foundation for my faith; but that the work of grace had to be carried on, and an absolute change of heart effected, by many a severe and fiery ordeal.

"In the course of weeks, I was enabled to take a trip into North Wales. Here my connection with the world was first re-established. All the avocations of man, that were apart from his religious duties, appeared to me to have vanity legibly stamped on them. On my route, I stopped a short time in Liverpool; but the bustle and commotion excited no pleasurable sympathy, for I felt that it was all vanity. The whirl, the din, the confusion, all told me of the world's spirit; and in the countenance of the busy throng I could not read one expression in unison with my own feelings, or which came home to my heart. At Beaumaris I abode at a commercial hotel; and there, in the presence of the usual visitants of an inn, I took out my Bible, glorying in the thought that I was thus unfurling Christ's banner. One of the company entered into conversation, and boasted of his religious acquisitions, and of the high position he held in the church to which he belonged as teacher and deacon. But gradually he drank to inebriation. I was glad to find a room to myself, and in dejection to ponder over this first instance of a false professor.

"My stay in North Wales, especially my visit to Llanberis and Snowdon, afforded my mind the healthful occupation of contemplating and adoring God as revealed in his works. To me the God of nature and the God of revelation now were one, and I began more sensibly to feel the relation wherein we stand to God by the conjoint link of creation and redemption. How glorious to know that a pathway had been opened for the rebellious sinner to the favor of the great Eternal, whose hand had formed the mighty fabric of the universe, and who had given the being and life we enjoy, but from whom I had so long been severed, and to whom I had never felt my relation, nor acknowledged my obedience! But the great Eternal was now the Lord my God; and I, the creature of his hand, could, through the Redeemer, look up and believe that the Power which guided the planets in their course, would direct me in all my ways, and preserve me by his providential care. I felt that he had first loved me. I felt that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I felt that it is the First and the Last who there expresses his care for all the family of man, including myself, a worm so insignificant. At that mercy I could only wonder

and adore; and, with faint conceptions of his love and grace, I could but humble myself before him."

We place upon record the preceding extracts from the two volumes referred to, as

matter for future psychological analysis and comment. They cannot prove otherwise than of deep interest to all engaged in the study of medical-psychology.

From the Examiner, 26 Aug.

OUR NEXT ALLY.

THE Swedish papers are employed in canvassing the question whether Sweden can safely join the league of the Western Powers against Russia. The conquest of Bomarsund is, no doubt, an important step towards the formation of the new alliance; but does it, in itself, offer a sufficient guarantee to Sweden? It is thus that the *Nya Vermlandstidning* explains the dangers to which that country will be exposed in the event of its being engaged in a war with Russia:—

The northern provinces of Sweden, like the Danubian Principalities, which were likewise invested before the commencement of winter, are exposed to an occupation. Sweden has no Silistria or Rutschuk there, to arrest the march of a Russian army. Nor is there a Balkan, or even a Wall of Trajan to be crossed, ere the capital is reached, so that Sweden will have to defend herself in open fight and in her own country.

It is true the fight will not last beyond the six months of winter. Then the fleets will re-appear, and stop the retreat of the enemy, if it has not been sufficiently hasty. But meanwhile a considerable portion of our country will have been exposed to all the sufferings of war, to all its dangers and all its sacrifices; the ravaging of Norrland, the seizure of the shipping of Gefle (exchanged for Brahestad), the plunder of the noble treasury of Upsala, and the wealth of the capital—all this risk would then be incurred.

It is, however, evident that this is a danger for Sweden which will not pass away with the present war. It may arise at any future moment; and Russia, even if now deprived of Finland, will doubtless be able to find a propitious moment for revenging herself on a State which, for six months in the year, can receive no succor from the maritime powers. It is clear that Sweden cannot become our ally with safety, unless the power of Russia is sensibly reduced.

In order, then, to secure the alliance of Sweden—an alliance of the utmost importance to their future plans—the Western Powers must show that they are prepared to advance beyond the four conditions, *sine quâ non*, of their late communication to the Conference. None of these conditions, however effectually they may restrain the power of Russia in the Black Sea, can materially lessen her preponderance over the Baltic powers.

Now the Treaty of Vienna affords the belligerent States an indisputable ground for the reducing the power of Russia in the Baltic within the required limits. The kingdom of Poland was erected by that treaty, and its first articles are devoted to the maintenance of Polish nationality.

Let England and France declare that the fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna is a fifth condition of their treating for peace with Russia, and Sweden becomes from that moment their ally.

We are quite aware that the provisions of the treaty fall lamentably short of securing to the Poles all that they have a right to expect at the hands of Europe. But still if the treaty were faithfully carried out, a great step would be gained towards the complete restoration of Poland. If a national organization can be maintained in the several portions of Poland, their reunion will assuredly be one day accomplished.

In the mean time an effectual bridge would be placed on the power of Russia in the north of Europe. Poland is the great corn-growing country, from whence the supplies of Dantzic and Odessa are derived. The rivers, the forests, the fortresses by which it is encompassed, render Poland a sort of European citadel, from whence the Czar dominates over half Germany and the shores of the Baltic. If Poland had her national army, one of the chief sources whence Russia derives her recruits would be cut off; and the Poles might be counted on whenever a necessity for acting against Russia might arise. The restoration of Poland would, moreover, prevent Russia from turning to her own ends the sympathy with which she is regarded by the Southern Slavonians; a sympathy from which she may possibly, before long, derive some great and unexpected advantage.

Besides, it has been part of the policy uniformly adopted by this country, under successive administrations, whilst abstaining, for the sake of peace, from insisting on the performance of the treaty of Vienna as regards Poland, by no means to recognize in Russia any right contrary to its provisions. But should the allies, in now coming to terms with Russia, remain silent respecting the notorious infraction of previous stipulations,—may it not fairly be held that they have waived the right to insist upon those stipulations being carried into execution?

Policy, then, no less than justice and humanity, requires that England and France, whilst carefully watching over the safety of a Mohammedan, should not altogether neglect a christian nation, which has suffered still deeper wrongs than Turkey, at the hands of the Emperor Nicholas.

EFFICACY OF MEDICINE.—Thunberg observes, "that almost always, and everywhere, his medicines acted with the greatest efficacy, as well as certainty, upon the slaves: which he accounts for, because their constitutions were not so much impaired by improper diet as those of their masters, and because they were also less accustomed to the use of remedies."

From The Spectator.

AMERICAN NOVELS—FASHION AND FAMINE: THE SHADY SIDE.*

THE decision that an undomiciled foreigner cannot convey a copyright valid in this country, seems likely to work some change in the book-trade, and in a direction that needed no stimulus,—that of mere lowness of price. Mr. Hodgson announces two of Cooper's later novels in his "Parlor Library," with Mr. Bentley's permission. Mr. Bentley himself has advertised the series of Prescott's Histories at a cheap rate; but unless the price is that of print and paper, with the usual profit thereon, and the style of getting up as plain as readers of Prescott will put up with, he will be under-done by somebody, or several bodies. In fact, the same publisher has included Mrs. Ann Stephens's fiction of *Fashion and Famine* in his "Railway Library," at one-twentieth part of the price for which less effective novels have been published with a copyright attached. *The Shady Side*, another American fiction, from Mr. Low and Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, is perhaps a more remarkable example of low price; while almost even as we write, competition issues another edition of *Fashion and Famine*, as well as another edition of Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*. With this last, "cheapness," we believe, (though we have not seen the publication,) has gone to a pitch that seems impossible, if the whole work is really printed.

In speaking of *Fashion and Famine* as an effective novel, it must not be considered that we count it a first-rate fiction. The story is essentially very like the usual run of stories that aim at combining an intense interest with sketches of every-day life. Neither are American manners shown in the book, otherwise than incidentally, and in a way that the writer cannot help, having laid her scenes among her own people in the Empire City and the country round about. The effect is for the most part very strongly melodramatic; the leading person of the piece being one of those cold-blooded, selfish, artful, all-accomplished rousés, whom we continually meet in romances of the intense school, exaggerated by American magnificence of idea beyond the soberer nature of Europeans; for certainly America, among her other claims to distinction, "beats creation" in her fictitious villains. Still Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is a mistress of her craft. There is a story which moves along from beginning to end; there are scenes of great power, though often too theatrical and glaring in their effects; there are sketches of fashionable society in New York and Saratoga, with a little too much of what Lord Sydenham called "Broadway finery;" but there are also some very pleasing pictures of homely or domestic life in America. Mrs. Leicester, the mother of the libertine, is a nicely-drawn character,—quiet, lady-like, conscientious, grieving over her son's wrong-

doings; an old English lady with a touch of greater mildness. Jacob Strong, the old attendant of Leicester's deserted, ill-used, but criminal wife,—loving his young mistress with a passion hopeless in the outset, but surviving everything, and leading him even to the wearing of a livery in Europe, so that he can watch over her,—is a conception general in the outline, but truly indigenous to America in the filling-up, and perhaps only to be naturally developed in a land of equality. Mrs. Gray, the large-hearted, charitable huckster-woman, is a piece of worthy nature, belonging to all countries, at least of Northern origin.

The Shady Side. The workings of the "voluntary principle" have been a frequent subject of treatment in this country, as well in fiction as in more formal argument. The points chiefly dwelt upon here, however, have been the interference of the congregation with the minister's theology, and the necessity under which he lay of rendering his sermons "acceptable" to his paymasters, by observing a discreet silence on their own backslidings, but making up for that reticence by an onslaught upon those of other people. In *The Shady Side*, an American novel, "by a pastor's wife," some turn for mastership in this direction, so dear to human vanity, may be found. But the main topic of illustration is pecuniary. If the circumstances of this story have any general truth, the Americans seek their salvation in the cheapest market,—nay, below the "cheapest market" of the economists, for they will not pay the price of producing and maintaining a divine. According to the Pastor's Wife, the best city livings do not more than support a man in the way he must of necessity live; leaving him without provision for old age. The smaller town and the mass of country congregations either retain a man with a family in abject poverty, or he has to exhaust his own means in living comfortably.

The story of *The Shady Side* is soon told. A "gifted" minister of the Congregational Church marries a young, accomplished, and amiable woman. Their own means are small; the clerical income is insufficient to support them, as their expenses increase with their family. Their private resources are exhausted; embarrassment is added to poverty; and after several changes,—for the minister's merits are sufficient to induce invitations,—where promises are not kept, or the expected advantages are not realized, the husband dies prematurely, and his wife, after striving to support her young family by teaching, follows him to the grave.

If we take the general facts respecting the remuneration of American ministers as they are given, the logic of the tale is better than that of didactic novels in general. Where it is deficient, the deficiency rather adds to the effect of the fiction. Edward Vernon, in his college career, aimed at the bar and the loftier walks of life, which legal success opens to a man in America perhaps more than elsewhere. The decline and death of a beloved sister, the wishes of his mother, and his own religious feelings, subsequently lead him to the church. He is conscientiously and laboriously devoted to his duty; but

* *Fashion and Famine*; or *Contrasts in Society*. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by Bentley. *The Shady Side*. By a Pastor's Wife. Published by Constable and Co., Edinburgh; Low and Co., London.

in times of exhaustion, or depression, or when his highly sensitive nature encounters rubs, the old leaven of scholarly or worldly ambition rises within him.

Morton's visit was not productive of good to his classmate. He was a man of fine social qualities—a man of talent and ambition—recently admitted to the bar; a professor of godliness withal; but his piety, if genuine, had never gone, with its melting power to the depths of his nature, firing and fusing the soul, and working an amalgamation conformable to that apostolic model, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

His friend's change of profession had always vexed him. Now that he saw his unwearied efforts for the prosperity of his people—and saw, too, that these efforts were often at the expense of his own mental culture and finish of style and execution—he vented his feelings in a way that did more mischief than he imagined.

It was at the close of the Sabbath, when Edward was inwardly chafing with the thought that his sermon had fallen far below his design, that Morton said, abruptly: "What a fool you are, Vernon—pardon me—to waste so much time in running after your people! You had a splendid sermon there, in conception, but you gave yourself no time to elaborate it. Why, my dear fellow, the materials you had in that discourse, wrought up as you are capable of doing it, would electrify the most cultivated audience in our land. You are doing everything for the people and too little for yourself."

Edward's face flushed, and a bitter smile played on his lip. (Had not his own heart been saying the same thing, though he durst not frame it in words?) He made no reply, and Morton continued: "I see how it is. You lay down your book, or your pen, and start off to every sick child or whimpering woman that takes a fancy to see the minister. I would n't do it. I would cultivate myself for a higher field. The people here do n't appreciate such a thinker and writer as you are."

Already, at the thought of the sick and tempted to whom he had in the past week been a messenger of comfort and succor, Edward's bitter feelings gave place to gentler emotions, and remorse smote his heart. He gave Morton a sad, earnest look, as if in doubt whether explanation were not labor lost on a man of so little Christian sensibility. Mary entered soon, and the topic was not pursued.

This want of thorough devotedness to his vocation is shown not only in yielding to such thoughts as these, but in quitting one charge after another, on sufficient *lay* motives, no doubt, but hardly sufficient on religious grounds. These and other circumstances, as peculiarities of temperament and health, cause the logic to fall short, by suggesting some natural unfitness in Edward Vernon for the ministry; but they give interest to his career, by the human failings and struggles exhibited.

The story is artistically treated. It is not so melo-dramatic, or productive of what some will think so effective scenes, as *Fashion and Famine*. *The Shady Side*, however, is more thoroughly American; every chapter in fact containing a picture of domestic life or manners in the New England States, real and fresh. The scenes involving the internal struggles of Edward Vernon, the pious resignation of his wife, or the dif-

ficulties of their position, have pathos or force. The exhibition of the pastor's people is quiet, often with touches of satire; sometimes the quietness passes into flatness. This is a fair specimen,—the gossip which takes place when the milliner brings home the news of Mr. Vernon's intended marriage, from a town where she has been for fashions; and Salem is all agog:—

Esther Anne's little brown shop was now the centre of attraction, not so much on account of its new millinery as of the information there to be obtained on the subject of the young minister's 'matrimonials.' Almost every one was taken by surprise. Some, who had benevolently selected for him, were not a little piqued. A few, who had still nearer hopes, sighed as they were thus dashed at a single stroke.

Esquire Lewis's daughters were among the first that called; and they were not easily suited in the choice of bonnets. One after another was examined and rejected, being used as foils to hide their excessive interest in the one topic on which they had resolved thoroughly to examine Miss Brooks.

"You are sure this report is true?"

"Yes, I am sure of it [that bonnet, Miss Lucretia, is a good fit,] for the girl said her sister saw him every time he came. He has visited her ever since last June, [there, the brim wants raising a little. I can lap it under the crown.] He met her first away from home—somewhere she was visiting; that time he was gone so long, you remember."

"[Let me look at that drawn silk.] What did you hear of the family, Esther Anne?"

"Well, as good as any in Mayfield; hold their heads pretty high, I guess [that white straw, Miss Helen will look sweetly on you]. The girl said, her sister said, she heard the gentleman where she lived say, that the doctor was a clever man, and the girl well enough; but he had a son in New York [the price of that is three dollars]—a half-brother of hers in New York was a slippery kind of a man—lived in dashing style. If his debts were paid he would n't own a cent."

"[I don't quite like this white straw, Esther Anne]. What more did you hear of the young lady herself?"

"[Try this French lace]. Not much, except what I told you. She's young and pretty, has always been kept at school [there, that's a complete fit. Just look in the glass,]"

"Never mind; finish what you were saying."

"They say her father has been very indulgent to her, because she lost her mother so young; and he's brought her up to books, and music, and drawing, and all that sort of thing." The young ladies winked to each other under the shield of the bonnets.

"That girl's sister did n't seem to like her much. She said there were some families in Mayfield that thought hired girls good enough to associate with anybody; but she had lived six months right over the way from Dr. Allison's, and had not been able to get acquainted with Miss Mary. She said she was always flouted out with her neck full of curls. She'll have to put 'em up now, I guess, [will you take those two bonnets?]"

"You may lay them aside. We'll not conclude till mother has been in and looked at them.] You did n't hear when the wedding is to come off, did you?"

"No; they guessed not for some time—she is so young; but I find some folks here think he has gone now to make arrangements."

"O no! he has gone to his father's."

"Well, you know the Whitman place is to be sold; and they say Mr. Cook talks of buying it. Since this thing has come out, many think Mr. Cook is trying to get the place for Mr. Vernon. What would he want of another house himself? Miss Leevy asked him about it yesterday; and he told her if he purchased it there would be some one in this autumn. I hope Leevy will give it up now. She's tried hard enough to catch him."

The Misses Lewis could bear no more, but bit their lips with vexation, and went home to report to their intriguing mamma. Mrs. Lewis was not prepared for the failure of her deep-laid schemes. She had withdrawn her daughters from the gay society, taken them to hear every sermon, sent them to all the prayer-meetings, drawn them in to the circle of inquirers, rejoiced over their growing interest in religious things, encouraged them to make an early profession of their faith, as fruits of the revival; and now to be disappointed thus! Between the two she had thought herself secure. Lucretia was just the right age—twenty-five. Helen, she knew, was very pleasing, though she had supposed her too young; yet she was nineteen last month. She tried to vent her disappointment in displeasure at the innocent cause of it. "She would not have believed Mr. Vernon such a deceitful man; coming here, so pleasantly, week after week; so many interviews as he had had alone with Lucretia, and so ready as he had been to ride in their carriage to the neighborhood meetings. It was too bad. He could not be the man she had thought him."

And there were others to echo this "too bad." There was the shrewd, match-making Mrs. Pritchard, who had recommended no less than three of her favorites to Mr. Vernon. Another lady of the parish had boarded a niece from the city two summers, with an eye to the cultivation of a special acquaintance. No wonder she felt injured.

From the Examiner.

Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, etc. By John Elphinstone Erskine, Captain R. N. Murray.

WANT of opportunity has hitherto prevented us from noticing the work of Captain Erskine, but it is never too late to notice a good book. Now, therefore, in our leisure and holiday time, we proceed to render some account of Capt. Erskine's journal. The cruise of this most judicious officer lasted seventeen weeks, and extended over the groups of the Pacific Islands called the Navigators or Samoan, the Friendly or Tonga, the Feejees, the New Hebrides, and the Loyalty, with the large island of New Caledonia. These, extending from the 16th to the 23d degree of south latitude, and from the 163d degree of east to the 170th of west longitude, include seven degrees of latitude and twenty-seven of longitude.

We shall commence with such a general outline of the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific Islands as may serve to make Captain Erskine's narrative intelligible to the reader. One race of men, with brown complexions, lank hair, and scanty beard, speaking essen-

tially one tongue, although divided into many dialects, inhabits all the islands from the Sandwich group near the Tropic of Cancer to New Zealand, which reaches to the forty-seventh degree of south latitude, and from the Tonga group to Easter Island, over seventy degrees of longitude. This race ends with the Friendly Islands, which are wholly inhabited by it; and with the group of the Feejees, 300 miles north-west of them, commence, not one but several races of men, speaking not one but many distinct languages. A few physical features, however, are common to them, namely, a black skin, frizzly but not woolly hair, and abundant beard. The different varieties of this race extend over all the islands from the Feejees to New Guinea, both inclusive. The French, with some propriety, have called the islands they inhabit Melanesia, or the isles of black men; while Polynesia has long been applied to those peopled by the brown race.

At the point of junction of the two races, some intermixture has ensued, a frequent intercourse taking place between the Tonga and Feejee groups; a voyage of three hundred miles across the trade-wind being one of no great difficulty with a people whose residence is almost exclusively littoral, and habits universally maritime. That the black races have received a large share, if not indeed all the civilization they have attained, from the fairer race, seems probable, and is indeed fully admitted by themselves. The influence of the Polynesian over the Melanesian race may be traced by language, at least as far west as New Caledonia.

Although (says Capt. Erskine), evidently considering themselves a superior people to the Tongans, the Feejeeans do not hesitate to acknowledge that they are indebted to the former for the introduction of most of the useful arts and manufactures, although their own superior intelligence has enabled them to improve upon their original models.

Previous to their intercourse with Europeans, the only foreigners to whom either the black or fair races of the Pacific are indebted for any part of their civilization, are the advanced nations of the Malayan Archipelago; and it is quite certain, from the total absence of all vestige of their languages, that they are not, like the latter, under obligation to Hindus or Arabs, direct or indirect. The influence of the Malays is discoverable only through the evidence of language. Thus all the sections of the brown-complexioned race have adopted the decimal numerals of the Malays, and even the black races have, in a few cases, done so, to the supersession of their own rude systems, which extended no further than "five." Some theorists indeed who sought, through lingual evidence, to prove that the brown race and the Malayan are one and the same people,

wished to exclude the languages of the Melanesian people from all admixture of Malay. Exclusive, however, of the numerals, even the words incidentally introduced by our present author, show that this opinion is utterly groundless. Thus the name of the island of Tana, one of the New Hebrides, is, at full-length, Tanasori, or the "great land;" the noun, in this case, being the Malay word for land, with the loss of a final aspirate, and the epithet being a native term. In the same way, we have the name of the second largest of the Feejee group, Vanua-levu; the noun, in this instance, being the Malay word banua, a land or region to which is affixed a Feejean adjective. The name for a sort of Feejean town-hall, Ulu-puaka, is another example. This means "the boar's head;" the first of the words being the Malay for "head," or "source," and the last a Polynesian word.

Our extracts from Captain Erskine's sensible and trustworthy narrative, shall be confined to his account of the black or Melanesian people, as being at once the most novel and the most curious portion of his work. He thus describes the wide difference which exists between the black and brown races, as to physical form.

Allusion has been made in the preceding Journal to the great difference in physical appearance between the Feejeans and the lighter colored Malayo-Polynesians to the eastward. It is impossible not to perceive, on arriving at these islands, that one has come among a distinct race of men; and although a further acquaintance may make one aware of many points of resemblance, in their habits, to the Tongans, I think it will on the whole confirm the first impression. The standard of height among the Feejeans is about the same as that of their neighbors; but their more muscular and less rounded limbs, their crisp hair, even when, as among the common people, it has undergone no process of dressing, their somewhat flatter features and the dark color of their skins, to which the quantity of hair on their bodies gives a kind of bluish-black tinge, offer a strong contrast to the many Tongans with whom one has generally an opportunity of comparing them on the spot. The adventitious ornaments of black and red paint, and the artificial frizzing out of the hair to an immense extent by the higher classes of both sexes—sometimes partially dyed with lime, or powdered with a substance resembling our hair-powder, said to be the ashes of the bread-fruit tree—together with the scanty dress of the men, consisting merely of a small bag, suspended by a narrow strip of native cloth round the loins, serves also to increase the distinction. The chiefs are incontestably much finer looking than the common people; their features having much less of the African negro cast, and their foreheads—partly, perhaps, on account of the form and height of their head-dresses—appearing loftier and more expansive. I did not perceive that, in general, the color of their skins was

lighter; although at Bua I noticed that the older men were, in many instances, of a deeper black than the young ones. One young chief whom I visited there was said to have been born of a Tongan mother, and his complexion was very different from that of the other Feejeans.

As a good specimen of the black race, in its most favorable form, we shall give Captain Erskine's description of the great living hero of the Feejean Archipelago, a kind of cannibal Napoleon:—

We arrived at last at the residence of Thakombau himself, and here we were received with much ceremony. An entrance having been cleared for us through bundles of native cloth, immense coils of cordage, and other articles, the produce of the late Butoni tribute, the chief himself—the most powerful, perhaps, of any in the Pacific, and certainly the most energetic in character—was seen seated in the attitude of respect to receive us. He rose, however, as we entered, seeing that it was expected, unfolding as he did so, an immense train of white native cloth, eight or ten yards long, from his waist, and invited me to occupy the one chair he possessed, the others taking their seats on rolls of cloth, or, like the natives, sitting cross-legged on the floor. It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief: of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an eastern sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural color of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked "every inch a king." The missionaries said that he was a little agitated with the prospect of our interview, but I confess I did not discover it. Not far from him sat his principal and favorite wife, a stout, good-looking woman, with a smiling expression, and her son, Thakombau's heir, a fine boy of eight or nine, and he was surrounded at a respectful distance by a crowd of crouching courtiers. This crouching posture must be adopted not merely when sitting, but when moving about in his presence, and I have even seen Navindi assume it when passing before him.

Here is another sketch of a Feejean:—

We were all much pleased with Tui Levuka, at least after he had got over the effects of a glass of rum, which some person gave him on his first coming on board, and which seemed to stupefy him. He is a young man, the son of the Tui Levuka mentioned by Captain Wilkes, and has a very good reputation among the white people. His dress was simple enough. To the usual "maro" was added a wrapper of native cloth, and he wore a necklace of white shells, and a turban

(the "sala," permitted to chiefs only) of white gauze round his head, which was frizzed out to a considerable size, but not to that of the ambassador's wife at Lakemba. His figure was slight, but very muscular, the forehead of a good height, and the features not negro, although the nose was slightly flattened and the mouth wide, with regular teeth. His black beard and mustachios were thick, but of moderate length, and the skin a decided black, quite different from the copper color of the other Polynesians.

Captain Erskine gives lithographic portraits, on the same page, of a chief of the brown-complexioned race, and of the Napoleon of cannibalism; and, to the eye, the distinction between them is certainly very wide. The first, with his brown complexion, lank hair, and beardless chin, might pass for a Malay; while the man-eater, with his dark skin, his flowing beard, and his mulberry-paper hood resembling a turban, might easily be taken for one of the Seik chieftains that fought so bravely on the Sutlej.

As we proceed westward, the negro-like character of the Melanesians seems to increase, until we come to New Guinea, which occasionally produces specimens not always distinguishable from a Congo negro. The inhabitants of Tana, one of the New Hebrides, are a much inferior race to the Feejeans, both in body and mind. If we remember well, Cook describes these as the most monkey-like people of the whole Pacific.

Finding that we were not disposed to annoy them, the natives began to flock on board by degrees, coming off in canoes fitted with outriggers, but somewhat clumsier and heavier than those of Samoa and Tonga. We at once recognized Captain Cook's description of the people as identical with their appearance at the present day. They are generally of short stature, but muscular and athletic for their size; the color of their skins a shiny black, and their bodies covered thinly with hair, or a kind of down. Some had black or brown crisp hair; but that of the greater number was twisted and tied up into an immense number of thin cords, the ends being frizzed out, about two inches from the extremity, where the color was a sandy red. The nose was generally rather flat, and the eyes of a chocolate color; the ears of almost all being pierced, and flat rings of tortoise-shell and other trinkets hanging from them.

Even in the same group of the New Hebrides, a wide difference exists in the physical form of the Melanesians, as will appear from Captain Erskine's account of the inhabitants of Vate, or Sandwich Island.

These people although differing a good deal among themselves, had, except the black color of their skins, few points of resemblance to the Taneses. They were of larger stature and more regular features, some having straight or almost aquiline

noses, good foreheads, and beards of a moderate size. As their manners were more composed, so their dress was much more decent, consisting of a broad belt of matting, seven or eight inches wide, very neatly worked in a diamond pattern of red, white, and black colors, with a species of maro suspended in front.

Now as to the moral character of the Melanesians. We begin with the dark features of it, without any doubt the most prominent. Foremost stands cannibalism; and there can be little question but that, for the purpose of the shambles, a man and a hog are pretty nearly on an equality with this race.

So habitual (says Capt. Erskine) has the use of the dead body for food become, that the missionaries assert that the Feejeean language contains no word for simple corpse, but the word used, "ba kola," conveys the idea of eating the body; and a term which, when translated, we at first considered a jest, "puaka balava," or long pig, is employed in serious parlance, to express the difference between the human body and that of a hog, to which the epithet "dina," or true, is in distinction applied. The supply of human flesh was formerly in all parts of Feejee, and is still in the districts to which the influence of the missionaries has not extended, furnished from different sources, the luxury being in general denied to women and slaves, although they are supposed sometimes to satisfy their curiosity or inclination in secret. All enemies killed in battle are, as a matter of course, eaten by the victors, the bodies being previously presented to the spirit. This source of supply, to which it is now believed all the negro races of the Pacific have recourse, as well as to the bodies of shipwrecked persons, in whose disfavor a strange superstition seems to have existed even in countries now civilized, is by no means sufficient for the Feejeean demand, whose customs require that on occasions of ceremony, when strangers of consequence are entertained, the magnificence of the chief shall be exhibited by a feast of human victims.

The following is a detailed account of a chase more bloody than any of Nimrod's; the "mighty hunter" being the Feejeean hero whose personal appearance we have already described as resembling that of a race to whom even the flesh of a cow is abhorrent.

This visit, then, being the first paid by the Butoni (the fishermen) for six or seven years, and the quantity of tribute being very large, it was considered proper to give them a handsome reception. A large house, called the "Ulu ni Puaka," or "pig's head," was prepared for the accommodation of themselves and their families, and food collected from all directions for their entertainment. According to custom, a family called the "Vusarandabe" was called upon to furnish meat for the first breakfast, and, as it concerned their pride that this should be of the best, steps were taken to provide one or two human bodies. As Bau was not actually at war

with any of the neighboring tribes, and no enemies were to be had, some little management was necessary to secure this supply; but at last, through the co-operation of a tributary town on Viti Levu, called Nandavio, and, it was said, by the assistance of two Tahitians, or Malayo-Polynesians, residing at Bau, two poor wretches were entrapped on a small island, called Anutha, or Yanutha, and brought to the capital, where they were slaughtered and eaten. The missionaries, who are disposed to think well of Thakombau's intentions, suppose that, had the example not been set by the Vusarandabe, he would have been satisfied with supplying his guests with pigs. It now, however, became a point of honor with him, his turn for supplying the breakfast having arrived, not to be excelled in munificence by his inferiors; and the chiefs of Nasilai, a city of Rewa, which had been lately subjugated, were ordered to forward the required provision to Bau. One man only was obtained from this source, when Navindi, the "Turanga ni Lasakau," or chief of the fishermen, whose duty it is more particularly to procure human flesh, and who might have taken offence at the presumption of the Vusarandabe in preceding him, was ordered to perform his horrible office. Taking with him accordingly the "nambete," or priest, he started with several canoes for Nakelo, a town situated on a river or branch of the sea connecting Rewa with the coast of the main land opposite to Bau. An ambush laid here having failed, it became doubtful whether it would not be necessary to have recourse to their own resources; that is, to slaughter some of their own slaves to furnish the Butoni banquet, a sacrifice of course to be avoided if possible. The priest's aid was accordingly invoked, Navindi hinting at the same time that should they continue unsuccessful, he (the priest) would probably be one of the victims himself. The oracle having been consulted, a hundred bodies are promised by the gods, and the party continued their course, skirting along under the overhanging mangroves to the village of Notho. Here they lay concealed till low water, when the women are accustomed to come to the coast to pick shell fish for food, and, sallying out at the proper time, secured fourteen of these defenceless and unsuspecting beings, one or two being clubbed to death, as a rush was made to escape. One man attempting to save either his wife or daughter shared her fate, but with this exception, all were of the softer sex, and they were immediately conducted in triumph to Bau.

On Sunday, the 29th of July, the hollow sound of the awful "lali," or sacred drum, bore across the water to Viwa the intelligence that a cargo of human victims had arrived in Bau, and a native Christian chief (I believe Namosemalua), who had quitted the capital to bring the information to the mission, related to the shuddering ladies, whose husbands were absent at Bau, or Sandalwood Bay, in Vanna Levu, on their usual annual meeting, the whole of the circumstances of the capture. In the course of the day different reports as to the intentions of the authorities were brought over, but in the evening came a definitive one, that all were to be slaughtered on the morrow.

Through the heroic conduct of two English ladies, the wives of the missionaries, three out of thirteen captured victims were saved, ten having been already murdered, cooked, and eaten. The father of the chief thus pronounced sentence: "Those who are dead, are dead; those who are alive, shall live."

The prevalence of cannibalism among the black races of the Pacific, seems to be nearly general; but to what it is to be ascribed, would be rather difficult to say. That it is not universal, even with them, is certain, for it is not supposed to exist among the Papuans of New Guinea and its neighboring islets; and that it is not confined to them is equally so, since it was universal with the New Zealanders, a brown-complexioned people. For our own parts, we cannot help agreeing with Captain Cook in thinking that a craving for flesh on the part of omnivorous man, where no other than human flesh was available, must have had some share in its origin. Captain Erskine thinks that the Feejeeans, who have hogs and fowls, are inexcusable; but neither of the latter seem to be very abundant, and their Polynesian or foreign names would seem to imply that they are but comparatively recent introductions. Certain it is that cannibalism had no existence in any of the islands of the Pacific where the dog, the hog, and the common fowl were abundant. Our notion is in some measure corroborated by the answer which Takombau, the Feejeean hero above mentioned, gave to Captain Erskine himself, when the captain remonstrated with him on the subject of the horrible tragedy we have recounted. On retiring, I asked Mr. Calvert (one of the missionaries) the meaning of the chief's interruption of my speech, and was told that, at the moment of expressing our horror at the practice of eating their fellow-men, he broke out, that "it was all very well for us who had plenty of beef (bula ma kau) to remonstrate, but they had no beef but men."

Among those condemned by the customs of the Feejeeans to be murdered and eaten as a matter of course, are all who have the misfortune to be shipwrecked, or as the phrase is, "who have the marks of salt water in their eyes."

I found on my return to the ship that very few of the natives had come on board. The shores of the bay are but thinly populated, and they have very few canoes. One small one I remarked capsized in coming off under sail, but she was soon righted. Had she been lost, and the crew obliged to save themselves by swimming, the old customs of Feejee would have entitled the tribe inhabiting the part of the shore which they might reach to put them to death and feast on their bodies. In the wildest districts, such, for instance, as those on the western side of Viti Levu, there is no doubt that this privilege, in the case of their

own countrymen, would be asserted even in the present day. A general belief that the flesh of white men is salt and unpalatable, and a kind of respect for the race or dread of the vengeance of their God, whom the Feejeans consider to be antagonistic to their own deities, and more powerful, would probably exempt a foreigner from this fate, particularly if (as would be the case with a shipwrecked man) he carried about him nothing to excite their cupidity.

Among the horrors of Melanesian customs are the inhumation of living aged parents, and the strangulation of the widows of chiefs,—the first, a practice resembling that of the Bataks of Sumatra, a people who invented written letters and possess them; and the last, the widow-burning of Hindus, who were learned, religious, and manufacturers of muslin, long before the time of Alexander the Great. The following passage from Captain Erskine's book describes both practices:—

Mr. Williams (one of the missionaries), who had lived for four years at Somo-Somo, gave me some very interesting particulars of the manners of the people, who, in spite of the advantages of frequent communication with a good class of foreigners, remain the fiercest of the group; and have been prevented, as yet, by the determined opposition of their two energetic chiefs, father and son (Tui Thakau and Tui Kila-Kila), from furnishing a single convert to the ranks of the Christians. It is singular that this dislike to the new doctrine did not extend to the persons of its teachers, who, after the first feelings of jealousy had passed over, were treated with kindness and respect, and received on a friendly footing by the chief, who had, nevertheless, intimated to his own subjects that any falling away from the faith of their forefathers would be punished with instant death. The history of the funeral and death (for in such order did these events take place) of the elder chief, is a striking example of a horrible Feejeean custom, and appears the more extraordinary, as Tui Thakau had always been considered one of the most indulgent of fathers, and Tui Kila-Kila, whatever his other vices might have been, had invariably shown himself a dutiful, and even affectionate son. Mr. Williams having accidentally heard that the old chief was dangerously ill, paid him a visit, with the hope that he might be induced, with the fear of death before his eyes, to take a more favorable view of the prospects held out to him by the Christian faith than hitherto. The old man, who was not in so critical a state as Mr. Williams had been informed, received him with hearty good humor; and in reply to his exhortations to consider his prospects in a future world, declared that his illness was of no consequence; that such an event as his death was far distant, and that there was no necessity to trouble his head with those matters for several years to come. On the following morning, Mr. Williams, whilst standing at the door of his house, was a good deal surprised, having left the chief in such high spirits so short a time before, by being in-

formed by a Feejeean, evidently proceeding on some important business, in a low tone of voice, as if not desirous of being overheard, that Tui Thakau was dead, and that preparations were going on for his burial. Not doubting the truth of the information, but knowing that the preparations partly consisted in strangling the wives of the deceased, Mr. Williams hurriedly apprising his colleague, Mr. Hazlewood, of the circumstance, hastened with him to the chief's residence, with the humane intention of endeavoring to save the lives of some at least of the destined victims. As they crossed the threshold they stepped over the body, yet warm, of the first strangled wife, whilst two men, each holding the end of the fatal cord, were performing the office of the executioner on the second, then in the agonies of death. Tui Kila-Kila, the heir to the chieftainship, sat at a short distance, with a scowl of fierce determination on his countenance; whilst in a more remote corner, to the astonishment of the missionaries, reclined old Tui Thakau himself, apparently in no more infirm condition than on the previous day. A remonstrance on the atrocity of such proceedings during the lifetime of the chief, was met by a stern announcement from Tui Kila-Kila that "his father was dead; the spirit had quitted him yesterday; he before them was no living man, but a corpse whom they were about to carry to the tomb."

Seeing that no expostulations were likely to be of any avail in favor of the old man, whose mind, from his composed silence, was evidently made up to his fate, the missionaries turned their attention to the surviving wives, whose lives they were successful in saving, the two already sacrificed being considered as sufficient for the occasion. The principal wife, a woman of higher rank than any person present, had escaped the usual fate, Feejeean custom requiring that the ceremony of strangulation shall be performed by one of an equal grade. The bodies having been placed in a litter, and the old chief in another, the funeral procession began, the principal wife and son fanning his face as they conducted him to his living grave. Arrived at the sea-shore, the party embarked in canoes for a small island containing the tombs of the chiefs of Somo-Somo; and the two Englishmen, not desiring to witness any further horrors which they had no means of preventing, returned to the town to secure the safety of the remaining widows. The ceremonies attending the inhumation of living persons have often been witnessed by Europeans, and are fully described by Jackson (App. A.). The only difference in the case of a chief is, that a bed is formed, at the bottom of the grave, of the bodies of the strangled women, the earth being then hastily thrown in and stamped down, so as to drown any expressions of agony from the sufferer. This strange and unnatural practice, which is so common, that an aged or decrepit person is rarely seen among the Feejees, is excused under various pretences, and offers a strong contrast to the customs of the Tongans, who esteem the care of the old as one of their principal religious duties. Although, as in the case of Tui Thakau, fathers are said to offer no resistance when the time of their fate has arrived,

yet it is probable that the natural love of life has been the cause of the general habit of the abdication by a chief at a certain age, often not very advanced, of the whole, or a portion, of his authority in favor of his son, who has of course less inducement to hasten the period of his succession. Almost a singular instance of a ruling chief being allowed to reach the age of decrepitude, is that of old Tanoa, of Bau, the father of Thakombau, who, though not a Christian, will not listen to any proposal to put the old man to death.

The catalogue of Melanesian virtues will not occupy much room. Although less advanced in the arts than the brown race, they seem, at least the more improved of them, to exhibit a superior energy and hardihood. The Tongans, indeed, a brown-complexioned people, look up to the Feejeans, a black-complexioned one, as models worthy of their own imitation. Fidelity and chastity in the women of the black, are virtues only to be contrasted with the notorious profligacy of the brown complexioned race.

Altogether (says Capt. Erskine), the position of women in society cannot be considered low, depending, as it does, more on their birth than their sex: and, as far as we were able to judge, the intercourse between the sexes, without pretending to any exalted feelings of modesty or principle, is conducted with great delicacy, excepting in cases where the bad example of dissolute white men has spread its contamination. Thakomauto, of Rewa, who has been more exposed to this evil influence than most other chiefs, has carried his debauchery to such a degree of grossness, that Thakombau, on a visit which he paid to that district, was said to have quitted the former's house in disgust. The Feejeans do not permit early marriages, asserting, perhaps with reason, that such connections would tend to prevent the growth of the young women, and deteriorate their race. Virginity is consequently preserved to a greater age among the girls than in most other countries; and we heard nothing of the loose conduct on their parts which among many of the more luxurious Polynesians used to be tolerated before marriage. Wives are said to be in general faithful to their husbands; and although occasionally an example of a Messalina, such as Jackson (App. A. p. 468) describes the queen of Rewa to be, may occur, female virtue may be rated at a high standard for a barbarous people.

A touching story of female courage and devotion is given by Captain Erskine, well worth transcribing:—

On the death of the present chief's father (a Feejecan), and consequent strangulation of his wives taking place, Mr. Williams had succeeded in rescuing one of these, and carrying her over to his own premises. Not anticipating any revival on her part of a desire to follow her husband to the grave, no steps were taken to confine or

watch her. Either unable to overcome her grief at his loss, or the feeling of remorse at having failed in her duty to his memory, she escaped during the night, and swimming across the river, and presenting herself to her own people, insisted on the completion of the sacrifice which she had in a moment of weakness reluctantly consented to forego on the previous day. Pita, the chief, whose mother was one of the victims on this occasion, is said to be impressed with the barbarity of such proceedings; and the usual effects of the increasing prosperity of the Christians, who soon begin to acquire a taste for foreign manufactures and more domestic comforts, are likely to display themselves in the union of these two communities.

Among the harmless superstitions of the black races are the Tabu and Circumcision, probably both borrowed from the brown-complexioned people. It is singular that among things subjected to the tabu or interdict, are words entering into the composition of a chief's name, which after his death are forbidden to be used, and in fact disappear from the language, just as if such words as "defender" and "faith," had been banished from our own language after the death of our eighth Henry. Before the introduction of Christianity, no fewer than forty words, previously in use, had disappeared in the dialect of Tahiti, some of them, as the word for "water," of much importance. New terms were, of course, substituted.

The total population of the four groups of Islands, visited by Captain Erskine, is very small. Even including the large island of New Caledonia, it would probably not be more than 300,000 souls. But the estimates are of course for the most part conjectural. The Feejees, with their black population, are supposed, despite of murder and cannibalism, to be the most populous, and to contain two-thirds of the whole number. For New Caledonia, which is equal in size to one-third part of the kingdom of Ireland, the highest estimate has been no more than 60,000, while the lowest is but 25,000; giving no more than two and a half and six to the square mile. But whatever the number of their inhabitants, these are now in progress of being Christianized and humanized—the work, with few exceptions, of Anglo-Saxon teachers; men whose zeal, piety, and intrepidity have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. The means pursued are the only effectual ones,—the employment of numerous native teachers, under the guidance and direction of the strangers. It is remarkable, that, although in a better cause, the means are the very same by which was brought about the conversion to Mohammedanism of some fifteen millions of the populations of the western islands of the Indian seas, the bulk of them but a few years before the first appearance of Europeans.

Of the author of the volume before us, Capt. Erskine, we have only to add, that in his intercourse with the natives, he appears to have taken Captain Cook as his guide and model, and that in our judgment that great traveller could not have a worthier successor, whether as a man in authority or as a navigator. In a long cruise, and an intricate and often unknown navigation, his frigate of deep draught encountered no accident. He mixed fearlessly and unarmed with cannibals and savages, yet without a single collision to interrupt a friendly and beneficent intercourse.

From The Spectator.

FOOTE'S AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN FLAG.*

THIS quaint-looking title indicates the contents of the volume exactly. The book contains a geographical and historical sketch of Africa, or rather of Negroland, and an account of the doings of the American squadron on the Slave-coast. It is the result of much African experience, which infuses into the volume living knowledge, definite ideas, and a certain degree of vigor. A good deal of the matter is drawn from books; and even when the author is narrating his services, the composition, (mainly abridged from his own official correspondence,) wears the air of compilation, rather than the results of direct observation, because compilation is the turn of the author. In the rapid sketch of the early periods of African history, before the slave-trade, during its growth and in its palmy days, the materials must of necessity be drawn from books, and pretty common books too; but the seaman has added hints of the pirates the trade drew to the African coast, and the piracy in which the trade itself often merged, that perhaps only a seaman acquainted with the coast could have written. The story of the proceedings since this country took up the suppression of the slave-trade in earnest, and the success which has attended it, is also freshened by personal knowledge, though upon the whole it is the least vivid part of the book. The geographical sketch of Africa is a condensed summary of the natural and social features. The two other subjects have more interest, and more of actual experience. They are the history of Liberia, and of the proceedings of the American squadron on the coast, especially while the author was on the station.

The early struggles and essential success of Liberia will have novelty for many readers;

and it deserves a fuller exposition than it fell in our author's way to give. The idea of an African state consisting of civilized free men of color was practically carried out in a small way by one John Kizell. He had been a slave of South Carolina, and joined the English during the Revolutionary war, and on its termination was sent to Africa with many others. He formed a settlement at Sherboro, about sixty miles from Sierra Leone; prospered in trade; built a church, and inducted himself preacher. On this foundation the American societies that aimed at Christianizing Africa by removing free men of color from the States erected their superstructure. There was much, however, to be done. A more extended district than Sherboro was required; and when with difficulty it was obtained, the bargain was repudiated by some of the native chiefs, after they had received the purchase-money; and the philanthropists had to go to war, by way of showing their love to man. Through difficulties not very dissimilar to those which beset the founders of Virginia and other colonies in the olden time, Liberia struggled on till the White governor could be superseded by the Colored man. The topic, however, which requires exposition—and it can only be given by an actual observer—is the working of Republicanism and universal suffrage in such a society. It is true that there was little room for destruction or oversetting, as with the accumulated wealth or the various institutions of the old states in Europe. Still, it was a bold proceeding to combine into a federation several districts occupied by native Africans in a state of crass ignorance and superstition, with a sprinkling of Colored men from civilized countries, where they were looked upon as a degraded race; bolder still to give a vote to "each adult male." The Negro institution of the "palaver" had indeed prepared the people for the debating part of the business: and perhaps their very ignorance of an assembly's power might contribute to the success of the experiment. That it has thus far succeeded, seems certain; but a knowledge of the actual working of the experiment in its details would be desirable, if it could be obtained, not only as a curiosity, but as a rare example in politics. This is the picture of the chief people and the capital, as drawn by Captain Foote.

Notwithstanding the heterogeneous population of Liberia, a commendable degree of order, quiet, and comparative prosperity prevails. With such men as President Roberts, Chief-Justice Benedict, Major-General Lewis, Vice-President Williams, and many other prominent persons in office and in the walks of civil life, the government and society present an aspect altogether more favorable than a visitor, judging them from the race when in contact with a white population, is prepared to find. The country is

*Africa and the American Flag. By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. Navy, Lieutenant Commanding U. S. Brig Perry on the coast of Africa, A.D. 1850—51. Published by Trubner, London; and Appleton, New York.

theirs—they are lords of the soil; and in intercourse with them it is soon observed that they are free from that oppressive sense of inferiority which distinguishes the colored people of this country. A visit to Monrovia is always agreeable to the African cruiser.

Monrovia, the capital, is situated immediately in the rear of the bold promontory of Cape Mesurado, which rises to the altitude of 250 feet. The highest part of the town is eighty feet above the level of the sea. The place is laid out with as much regularity as the location will admit. Broadway is the main or principal street, running nearly at right angles with the sea. Besides this, there are twelve or fifteen more. The town contains not far from two thousand inhabitants. Many of the houses are substantially built of brick or of stone, and several of them are handsomely furnished. The humidity of the climate has greatly impaired the wooden buildings. The State House, public stores, and the new Academy, are solid, substantial buildings, appropriate to their uses. There are five churches, and these are well attended. The schools, will compare favorably with the formal district schools in this country [America]: which is not saying much in their favor.

There is a good deal of matter to be gleaned from the account of the American squadron and the author's own doings. Captain Foote lays it down broadly, that unless the American squadron is efficiently kept up, the slave-trade will become as active as ever, under the American flag. The best mode of proceeding is for a British and an American ship to sail together, so as always to be within easy communication. In this way everything can be overhauled; the American taking vessels sailing under the American flag—the British, ships of her own or any other nation with which she has right of search treaties; for the American only meddle with her people. The following rather disjointed extracts will show how business is done. The Perry was Captain Foote's own ship.

A list of American vessels, which had been on the coast during the preceding year, was procured. Many of these vessels came from Rio and adjoining ports, with two sets of papers. A sea-letter had been granted by the Consul in good faith, according to law, on the sale of a vessel in a foreign port; the cargo corresponded with the manifest; the consular certificate, crew list, port clearance, and all papers, were in form. Several of these vessels, after discharging their cargoes, changed their flag; the American captain and crew, with flag and papers, leaving the vessel, and she instantly becoming invested with Spanish, Portuguese, or Brazilian nationality.

By this arrangement, as the United States never has consented, and never ought to consent, even on the African coast, to grant to Great Britain or any other power the right of search, a slaver, when falling in with an American cruiser, would be prepared to elude search and capture by the

display of a foreign ensign and papers, even had she slaves on board. And on the other hand, she might the same day fall in with a British cruiser, and by displaying her flag, and presenting the register or sea-letter, vindicate her American nationality. This illustrates the importance of men-of-war, belonging to each nation, cruising in company for the detection of slavers.

The papers of the second slaver captured by the Perry were in form, excepting the crew list which showed but one American on board, who was master of the vessel. And in a letter of instructions from the reputed owner, he was required to leave whenever the Italian supercargo directed him to do so. This shows how readily the nationality of a vessel may be changed.

The master of the first slaver captured by the Perry stated that had he not supposed she was an English cruiser he would have been prepared with a foreign flag, and otherwise to have eluded search and capture; and that on a former occasion he had been boarded by an English cruiser, when, to use his own expression, he "bluffed off John Bull with that flag,"—referring to the American ensign.

The Lucy Ann, when captured, was boarded fifty or sixty miles to leeward or North of Loanda. She had an American flag flying, although her papers had been deposited in the Consul's office at Rio. The English boarding-officer, who was not allowed to see any papers, suspecting her character, prolonged his visit for some time. As he was about leaving the vessel, a cry or stifled groan was heard issuing from the hold. The main hatches were apparently forced up from below, although a boat was placed over them, and the heads of many people appeared. Five hundred and forty-seven slaves were found in the hold, almost in a state of suffocation. The master then hauled down the American flag, declared the vessel to be Brazilian, and gave her up.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a large ship with two tiers of painted ports was made to windward, standing in for the land towards Ambriz. At four o'clock the chase was overhauled, having the name "Martha, New York," registered on her stern. The Perry had no colors flying. The ship, when in range of the guns, hoisted the American ensign, shortened sail, and backed her main-top-sail. The first lieutenant, Mr. Rush, was sent to board her. As he was rounding her stern, the people on board observed, by the uniform of the boarding-officer, that the vessel was an American cruiser. The ship then hauled down the American and hoisted Brazilian colors. The officer went on board and asked for papers and other proofs of nationality. The captain denied having papers, log, or anything else. At this time, something was thrown overboard; when another boat was sent from the Perry and picked up the writing-desk of the captain, containing sundry papers and letters, identifying the captain as an American citizen; also indicating the owner of three-fifths of the vessel to be an American merchant, resident in Rio de Janeiro. After obtaining satisfactory proof that the ship Martha was a slaver, she was seized as a prize.

The captain at length admitted that the ship was fully equipped for the slave-trade. There were found on board the vessel one hundred and seventy-six casks filled with water, containing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty gallons each; one hundred and fifty barrels of farina for slave-food; several sacks of beans; slave-deck laid; four iron boilers for cooking slave-provisions; iron bars, with the necessary wood-work, for securing slaves to the deck; four hundred spoons for feeding them; between thirty and forty muskets; and a written agreement between the owner and the captain, with the receipt of the owner for two thousand millreals.

There being thirty-five persons on board this prize, many of whom were foreigners, it was deemed necessary to send a force of twenty-five men, with the first and second lieutenants, that the prize might be safely conducted to New York, for which place she took her departure that evening. . . .

The writing-desk thrown overboard from the *Martha* soon after she was boarded, contained sundry papers, making curious revelations of the agency of some American citizens engaged in the slave-trade. These papers implicated a number of persons who are little suspected of ever having participated in such a diabolical traffic. A citizen of New York, then on the African coast, in a letter to the captain of the *Martha*, says: "The French barque will be here in a few days; and, as yet, the agent has no instructions as to her taking *ebony* [negroes, slaves] From the *Rio* papers which I have seen, I infer that business is pretty brisk at that place. . . . It is thought here, that the brig *Susan* would bring a good prize, as she had water on board. . . . C—, an American merchant, has sold the *Flood*, and she was put under Brazilian colors, and gone around the Cape. The name of the brigantine in which B— came passenger, was the *Sotind*; she was, as we are told, formerly the United States brig *Boxer*." Other letters, found with this, stated: "The bark *Ann Richardson* and brig *Susan*, were both sent home by a United States cruiser. The *Independence* cleared for Paraguay; several of the American vessels were cleared, and had sailed for Montevideo, etc., in ballast; and, as I suppose, bound niggery; but where in hell they are, is the big business of the matter. The sailors, as yet, have not been near me. I shall give myself no trouble about them. I have seen them at a distance. I am told that they are all well; but they look like death itself. V— Z— tells me they have wished a hundred times, in his presence, that they had gone in the ship; for my part, I wish they were in hell, Texas, or some other nice place. B— only came down here to 'take in,' but was driven off by one of the English cruisers; he and his nigger-crew were under deck, out of sight, when visited by the cruiser." "

Indications frequently turn up of the delicacy required in dealing with American vessels, and of the difficulties springing from the techiness of their naval officers, the low inde-

pendence combined with a look out for damages of their skippers, and the over-zeal of British officers, not always free of a desire to make prizes. The last, when detected, should be promptly put down. The zeal is not so easy to deal with, for in checking that we may damp activity. The vulgar bluster of American merchantmen may be disregarded when the amende is made. The promptness to take offence, the disposition to stand upon dignity, the tendency to magniloquence and to "fending and proving," which appear to characterize some of the American officers, must be left to time. When an American is more satisfied at heart with his country's greatness, and the dignity it reflects upon himself, he will be less disposed to cavil about trifles and pick quarrels to assert his importance.

A SCHEME is talked of for a Ship Railway from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea; and news has come that the laying down of the telegraph cable to Corsica—half way from Europe to Africa—has been successfully accomplished, and in water more than three hundred fathoms deep in some places. It was thought that very deep water would present an insurmountable difficulty; but here is the difficulty overcome, and converted into an incitement to new exertions. The electric telegraph, too, is now complete from Bombay to Calcutta—the beginning of a great scheme of physical improvements, which will demonstrate more and more the folly of having so long left the resources of India undeveloped. As Dr. Royle has said: "It is a country of such vast extent, so diversified in soil and climate, that we may readily believe it capable of producing every kind of natural produce;" and we are glad to observe, that the conviction is spreading in quarters where it may promote enterprise. Irrigation on a grand scale, next to roads, is what India requires; and with these combined, there seems no possibility of setting a limit to her productiveness. It has been shown, on the best of evidence, that irrigation in India yields a profit of from seventy to a hundred per cent., and thus pays better than gold-digging in Australia. Incredible as this may appear at first sight, it is easy of proof. The value of water to Indian cultivators is already well known: they purchase it willingly at one rupee, or two shillings, for 500 cubic yards; and any person or company undertaking to form reservoirs, or dig canals, would be sure of success, while at the same time contributing, in the best possible way, to the welfare of the country. Great good has already been effected by the building of dams and weirs across some of the rivers; and a project is now on foot for a canal of 180 miles long, from Sukkur to Hyderabad, which will fertilize at least a million acres. So much is involved in this question, that we cannot forbear directing attention to it.—*Chambers's Journal*.

From the United Service Magazine.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE desire of knowledge which an omniscient Creator has impressed upon the mind of man, though often misdirected by an abuse of his free-will, is one of those attributes which pre-eminently distinguish him from all the other beings that share his earthly habitation. It is upon this spirit of inquiry, and the power which the children of each succeeding generation possess of benefiting of the experience of their fathers, that the social progress of man depends. The truths discovered or the theories put forth by one man of science serve as stepping stones to others. Newton demonstrated what Kepler had propounded, and the discovery of the planets lying between Mars and Jupiter verified Bode's assumption of a scale of distances. The discovery of one great law has been productive of the knowledge of numerous truths in its application through the universe. The power which Newton recognized as the cause of the apple falling to the ground is the same that retains the planets in their orbits, and, as in the works of Infinite Wisdom, the greatest results are produced by means the most simple, the computations made upon a principle well-established are infallible. The weight of the planets, their distances from the sun, and from each other, with the extent of their orbits, have been ascertained by calculation based upon known principles. It was this conviction of the obedience of matter to certain fixed laws which enabled Le Verrier to assert that some disturbing cause affected the periodical return of Saturn, and which led to a discovery that must render his name for ever illustrious. The men who have so skilfully read the page of God's works will be ever esteemed the benefactors of their race, because, in demonstrating so closely the laws which govern the universe, in expatiating upon the harmony which pervades the entire, in dwelling upon the unerring certainty with which results may be calculated, they teach the rest of mankind to look up to the "great first cause." And there can be no doubt but that an extensive acquaintance with the truths of science will induce a knowledge that rather tends to humble than "puff up," leading, as it does, to the contemplation of the Eternal Truth, in whom there is no "change or shadow of alteration," or, as some translators have it, "no parallax." Some there are who dread that science will chase poetry from the earth; but surely such fears are groundless. What inspiration can be so deep as that which the knowledge of truth inspires, what aspirations so lofty as those which ascend in security that mystic ladder that science has reared, and which, like that in the vision of the patriarch reaches from hea-

ven to earth, bringing down angel truths, and carrying back heavenward yearnings. Will our admiration for the star-besprinkled midnight sky be lessened by an acquaintance with the laws that govern the transmission of light? The astronomer who patiently watches these distant worlds, till, reasoning from analogy, he peoples them with beings, bright as their own beams, is surely as essentially a poet as the effeminate Assyrian, who, looking into the deep innane, beheld the thousand orbs of night, and, turning, compared them with his Myrrah's eyes.

After offering our humble tribute of thanks to the astronomers, who nightly watch the rising and setting stars, who mark the moment when they culminate, and note down their increased or diminished refulgence, to these men, to whose patient investigation we are indebted for so much, we acknowledge our obligations, and turn, with an equally grateful feeling to the adventurous travellers and daring mariners who have traversed this "orb'd earth" of ours, and brought back accounts of climatic differences in the various zones, of the wonderful diversity which nature presents in the flora and fauna of the countries they saw. To these men we are indebted for the highly civilizing influences that commerce exerts; from them we have learned the condition of our fellow-men in other regions. And the poet, and historian, and philosopher, have found new materials on which to exercise their genius in following those who first traced a way across the seas, or over the mountains and plains, which had before been deemed impassable barriers. All these discoveries are the result of that spirit of inquiry innate in the breast of man. First, individuals ventured on these enterprises; afterwards governments, either avaricious of commercial advantages, or anxious for glory, sent forth expeditions on voyages of discovery. That we are deeply indebted to those who unlock for us the stores of scientific knowledge, and point out the way to commercial wealth, there can be no doubt; but mankind is proverbially ungrateful, and nations, like individuals, are stained with the crime. Like improvident fathers, we incur debts, which we leave to our children to pay, and it is posterity which is generally expected to do justice to those, the first fruits of whose labors have been reaped by us; and posterity, in paying the debts of its predecessors, generally incurs new ones on its own account. How often have we heard it mentioned, as a gross injustice, that the continent that Columbus discovered received its name from another. We speak with warm indignation of the exiled Dante, the persecuted Tasso, the starving Otway, and we forget Sir John Franklin.

But let us not leave it to posterity to paint

this picture, let us portray it ourselves, and let us now do what posterity will say we ought to have done. Sir John Franklin and crew were sent out by a department of the legislature, whose acts are recognized by the nation. There can be no doubt but that these mariners were fully impressed with the difficulties of the enterprise, but animated by mingled feelings of pride and hope, they did not shrink from the danger. If they returned triumphant, they should be received with rewards and congratulations; if they perished in those distant seas, their names should be embalmed in undying remembrance in the breasts of their countrymen. These thoughts lifted their hearts to a steady enthusiasm, and helped them on through many a hairbreadth escape. But let us follow them into those dreary regions, when the night of many months comes on. They have been searching for a passage through ways gorged with ice, the impediments are becoming daily greater, and at length hewing, with great difficulty, a dock in the ice, they prepare to winter there; but blinding snow storms come on, fierce winds blow, separating huge masses of ice, and drifting them along. One of these great icebergs is drifted towards the spot where the ship has found an icy haven. The crew and officers see the impending danger, they feel that their supreme hour is come. And what does their commander? He tells them that they are to die in the service of their country; he reminds them of the Christian's hope. Calmly he awaits the shock that will plunge his ship beneath the waves, and, communing with himself, he ponders on his fate. His last sigh will be to his Creator, his *avant dernier* to the land of his birth, to the home of his affections. He commends his soul to God, his memory to his country. With the calmness of a Christian and the generous self-devotion of a hero, he awaits the impending death. But let us suppose that by a merciful interference the danger is averted, the ships are extricated, a passage is opened through the ice, and the vessels steer homewards. How high are the hopes, how fond are the anticipations which fill the breasts of the long absent mariners. With what satisfaction will they not be received. With what honors will they not be loaded by the nation in whose service they have risked their lives. Let us imagine such feelings animating their breasts, and then let us picture the damp, the darkness, that dim these warm effusions on hearing that they have been not alone unsought, but actually pronounced *officially* dead. Let us not give posterity a right to draw such a picture of us. Let it not be said that the lives of our fellow countrymen should be of so little importance in our eyes, as that we should neglect to send them aid

which may be yet available, or, that we had not even endeavored to ascertain their fate.

Sir John Franklin was sent out by the Admiralty. He received positive instructions as to the object he was to endeavor to attain, and the course he was to pursue. He was spoken with, two months after he left England, but has not since been heard of. Rewards have been offered to those who should find any traces of the crew or ships; and we may here remark that Lady Franklin, with the clear sightedness of affection, fixed upon a better mode of distributing the rewards she offered, than the government had thought of in apportioning theirs. No traces have been discovered of the ships, and it is therefore assumed that they have been lost. This appears a most extraordinary mode of reasoning, particularly when there are many possibilities that the ships under Sir John Franklin may have entered the Polar Seas, and are in a position from which they cannot be extricated without more help than their present crews can afford.

A pamphlet written by Mr. John Murray, civil engineer, has powerfully re-wakened our sympathies for Sir John Franklin, and the party under his command. Mr. Murray is of opinion that the Palar Basin is an open sea. His reasons for holding this opinion are founded upon the direction of the currents in these regions, the changeable position of the magnetic poles, and their coincidence of late with the points of greatest cold. The action of the sun's rays during the long polar summer is supposed to be sufficient to dissolve the ice. Besides this, the many Russian adventurers who have traversed the coast of Siberia, have perceived, or fancied they perceived, an open sea beyond. If this be the case, it is evident that a more direct and better route to the Pacific would be found by sailing in a north-easterly, than in a north-westerly, direction to Behring's Straits.

We find a principle of compensation pervading the entire economy of nature. The air of the tropical regions becoming rarified by the intense heat received from a vertical sun, ascends to the higher regions of the atmosphere; and the colder air from the temperate and frigid zones rushes in to supply the void, whilst the warm air, displaced at the equator, is wafted towards the poles. The same principle obtains in the ocean. By means of currents the warm waters of the equatorial regions are exchanged for the icy waters of the frigid zones. The most extensive system of currents is that formed in the Indian Ocean, under the influence of the trade winds, and which, doubling the south of Africa, receives the name of the Lagullus current, from the cape and bank of that name. This stream,

which is from ninety to a hundred miles in breadth, having doubled the Lagullus bank, flows northward along the western coast of Africa, taking the name of the South Atlantic current until reaching the Bay of Benin; it is turned westward partly by the configuration of the land, and partly by coming in contact with the Guinea current, which flows from the north into the Bay of Benin. The great equatorial current issues from this bay, and traversing the Atlantic, from Guinea to Brazil, flows afterwards by the shores of Guiana to the West Indies. The breadth of this current varies from 160 to 450 geographical miles, and its velocity is from twenty-five to seventy-nine miles per day, the mean rate being about thirty miles. The length of its whole course is about four thousand miles. This great stream enters the Carribean Sea, but may be recognized again in the powerful current which issues from the Mexican Gulf, through the Straits of Florida. Having followed a northerly course for some time, this great stream deflects, and flows across the Atlantic, till it reaches the Azores, where it widens, forming a large expanse of warm water in the centre of the Atlantic, where its temperature is 10 deg. Fahr. above the surrounding ocean. The influence of this great gulfstream is felt along the coast of Norway, and even to Spitzbergen; that its waters also enter the Polar Sea is highly probable.

Dr. Scoresby furnishes us with some very remarkable facts relative to the temperature of the Greenland Sea. He found that this sea at the depth of 50 fathoms was often three, and in some instances five, degrees warmer than at the surface. At a depth of 730 fathoms the temperature was 37 degrees, whilst at the surface it was only 29 deg.; and at the depth of 762 fathoms the temperature was 30 deg., when at the surface it was only 32 deg. This increase of temperature with the increasing depth is observable only in the Greenland Sea, and must arise from some local cause. The neighboring seas present no such exception to the general rule. North of Behring's Straits, in latitude 70 deg. 2 min., and in longitude 164 deg. 40 min., Captain Beechy found the temperature of the water at the surface to be 49 deg., and at the depth of 21 fathoms it was only 37 deg. Captain Ross made a series of observations on the temperature of the sea, at the surface and at certain depths. In Baffin's Bay the temperature decreased with the depth, and this is the general rule, more strikingly exemplified in the tropics, where the difference of temperature in the ocean, at the surface, and at various depths is greater than what is found in temperate zones.

Captain James Ross in the Antarctic regions found, about the parallel of 56 deg. 26 min., south, that "there is a belt or circle

round the earth, where the mean temperature of the sea, obtaining throughout its entire depth a boundary or kind of neutral ground between the two great thermic basins of the ocean to the north of this circle; the sea has become warmer than its mean temperature, by reason of the sun's heat, which it has absorbed, elevating its temperature at various depths in different latitudes, so that the line of mean temperature of 39 deg. 5 min., in latitude 45 deg. south, has descended to the depth of 600 fathoms; and at the equatorial and tropical regions, this mark of the limit of the sun's influence is found at the depth of about 1,200 fathoms, beneath which the ocean maintains its unvarying mean temperature of 39 deg. 5 min., whilst that of the surface is about 78 deg. Returning to the Greenland Sea, we find that Dr. Scoresby took soundings between Greenland and Spitzbergen with 5000, 6,000, and in one instance with 7,200 feet of line, without finding bottom; and within a cannon shot of the northern shore of the Island of Jan Mayen Dr. Scoresby could not find the bottom with soundings of 300 fathoms. We have here evidence of the high temperature and great depth of the Greenland Sea. The character of the Siberian coast, examined by Von Wrangel is low and flat, rising little above the sea. The soundings were shallow, not exceeding 21 fathoms, with green mud bottom. The soundings in Behring's Strait are found to be between 28 and 30 fathoms, decreasing gradually to either shore. Captain McClure rounded Cape Barron in 73 fathoms, without observing land. Off Point Krellett, in Baring Island, the soundings were regular from 3 to 30 fathoms, at a distance of four miles from the shore, but on the north-west of the island, at a quarter of a mile from the land, the water was 65 fathoms deep. At a 100 yards from the cliffs, there was a depth of 15 fathoms. In the comparatively narrow sea of Baffin's Bay, Captain Ross found at a distance of nine miles from the land, water 1,070 fathoms deep.

Here we see that the soundings along the Siberian coast are very shallow, whilst the water in the Greenland Sea and in Baffin's Bay is very deep. The influence of the gulfstream may be detected here. We have already seen that this great current, passing through the Bahama Islands and Florida, runs northward along the American coast as far as Newfoundland, where it encounters the cold current setting southward from Baffin's Bay and the coast of Greenland. The junction of these currents causes comparatively still water, and deposits on the Newfoundland banks. Both these currents exert a great influence on the Atlantic flood; for its northward progress being checked by these, it deflects, and passes in an east-north-east direction across the At-

lantic, often casting upon the shores of Ireland and Scotland the produce of the West India Islands. The great Atlantic flood-tide which at present enters the Polar Sea between Spitzbergen and Norway, deposits the abrasions of the shores along which it has passed, upon the coasts of Siberia and North America; tending, as we have seen, to choke up all the passages which communicate with Baffin's Bay. But the deep water of that channel is maintained by the current flowing from the Polar Sea, through recently discovered passages, and others yet unknown. However, the great outward current from the Polar Sea is along the east coast of Greenland, which accounts for the depth of water in that sea. The interchange thus established keeps up the system of equilibrium to which we have adverted, the warm waters of the Atlantic being exchanged, by this arrangement, for the colder currents of the Polar Sea.

Though the amount of solar heat annually received by the earth and radiated back into space is probably uniformly equal, still, there are local causes that exercise an influence upon the temperature of different countries, producing periodic climatic changes. Amongst these agents of change we must place magnetism, a power with the extent of whose influence we are not yet fully acquainted. The north magnetic pole was determined by Captain Ross to be in 70 deg. N. lat., 97 deg. W. long. Captain James Ross determined the position of the southern magnetic pole in 70 deg. S. lat. 162 E. long. "The magnetic equator, or line of no dip," says Mrs. Somerville, "crosses the terrestrial equator in several places, extending alternately on each side, but never deviating more than twelve degrees from it. The deviation is greater in that part of the Pacific where there are most islands, and it is greatest both to the south and north in traversing the continents of Africa and America. Thus, it appears that the configuration of the land and water has an influence on terrestrial magnetism. North and south of the magnetic equator the needle dips more and more, till at last it becomes perpendicular to the horizon in two points, or rather lineal spaces,—the north and south magnetic poles, which are quite distinct from the poles of the earth's rotation. Colonel Sabine tells us that the angle of the dip is not always the same; that it has been decreasing in the northern hemisphere for the last fifty years at the rate of three minutes annually. It is also subject to variations of short periods, and is affected by earthquakes even when remote."

The changes in the magnetic system are so irregular and so complicated, that half a century is sufficient to alter the form and position of all the lines connected with the system. The foci of magnetic intensity, and the whole

system represented by the magnetic lines, are moving along the two hemispheres in different directions. Those in the northern hemisphere are going from west to east, those in the southern from east to west; and as the foci of maximum intensity move with different velocities, the forms as well as the places of the curves are slowly yet continually changing. The weaker magnetic focus in the northern hemisphere moved through fifty degrees of longitude in two hundred and fifty years.

At present, the cold is much more severe in the east than on the west coasts of the northern continents and islands. Norway is an instance. The havens on the west coast are never frozen; ships can enter there at all times in safety: but on the eastern side of the Dovrefeld range it is quite different. The gulf-stream is no doubt instrumental in producing this change. The isothermal curves of January, as delineated by Professor Dove, of Berlin, "rise steeply from Labrador to Spitzbergen, and descend almost perpendicularly to the European coast. From Norway to Nova Zembla, their eastern sides even form overhanging summits. In Scandinavia the circumstances are also extraordinary. From the intervention of the British Islands, the southern parts of Norway are less open to the warm sea current than the northern parts, and hence in the month of January the temperature actually becomes warmer in proceeding from south to north, and at the North Cape the south-east winds are the coldest."

The history of Greenland offers some curious instances of climatic changes. The country received its name from an Icelandic adventurer, perhaps a pirate who accidentally reached the coast. He was so charmed with the verdure that everywhere greeted his eyes, that he gave the country its present name; and the glowing account that he gave of this land upon his return home, induced many to return with him and settle there. This occurred in 983. The east coast, which is now inaccessible on account of the perpetual ice heaped upon its shores, was in those remote days the seat of flourishing colonies. This part of the country is now called by those who live on the western coast, *lost Greenland*, because no traces can be found of the people who once dwelt there. We have authority for saying that war and pestilence, called the *black death*, devastated these colonies; but there can be no doubt but that the climatic changes which occurred, prevented the re-peopling of these districts. Labrador was peopled by a colony from Iceland, in the year 1000, and received the name of Vinland. That the coast was then free from ice is evident from the fact that these enterprising adventurers explored it from latitude 41 deg. 30 min., to 72 deg. 55 min.

Of Greenland we learn nothing from 1216 to 1408. The country had fallen under the dominion of Norway, and all intercourse with foreigners had been interdicted. But in 1408, a bishop proceeding from Norway to the Greenland settlements, found the eastern coast so fast blocked by ice, that he was unable to land. In 1477, Columbus visited Iceland, and found that the sea was not then covered with ice. A portion only of the coast may have been ice-bound; for we learn from ancient historical records, that in March, 1477, the northern parts of Iceland had no snow, and that in February of the same year, the southern part was free from ice. In further evidence of the change of temperature of the east coast of Greenland, we have the testimony of a bishop of Iceland, who, in 1540, returning from Norway, saw from the deck of his vessel the east coast of Greenland, and observed beyond the icy barrier "shepherds feeding their flocks." The worthy bishop related his experience at his return home, but many who have since heard the narration, doubted its truth; but it is well worthy our attention that the magnetic needle had then nearly attained its eastern delineation. May not this have been the cause that no ice then encumbered the coast?

We have very good reason to believe that the countries of the west of Europe were one time much colder than at present, and that ice must have collected on the northern shores of Europe and Asia in quantities unknown at the present day. This would naturally be the case if the Greenland Sea were free of permanent ice; for the Atlantic flood-tide could then enter the Polar Basin on each side of Spitzbergen, carrying with it the warm influence of the gulf-stream. The course pursued by the first navigator who went out in search of a north-east passage, would seem to imply that such was the case.

In the expedition sent out by the English under Willoughby, the crews of two vessels perished in consequence of the severity of a Lapland winter. In the years 1594, 1595, and 1596, the Dutch sent out several ships on voyages of discovery. The vessels took the course of Waigatz and Nova Zembla, but all were interrupted in their progress by the ice; whilst it is evident that in this same year, 1596, the Greenland Sea must have been free from ice, as it was then that the Dutch discovered Spitzbergen. We are told by these voyagers that in lat. 80 deg. 11 min., being off that island on which Hakluyt's Headland is situated, they found "that there groweth here leaves and grape, yet in Nova Zembla, under 76 deg., there groweth neither leaves nor grape." Hudson, in 1607, saw the coast of Greenland in lat. 72 deg. 38 min., at the distance of twelve leagues. This land he termed

"Hold with hope." It was a mayne high land, nothing at all covered with snow, and the north part of that mayne high land was very high mountains, but we could see no snow on them. In 1610, Jonas Pole sailed to Spitzbergen, passing by North Cape. In lat. 77 deg. 25 min., he found the weather at Spitzbergen, on the 17th of May, "very warme and farre temperatur than at the North Cape."

That Greenland and Spitzbergen enjoyed a milder climate formerly than at present there can be no doubt, and it is equally true that similar climatic differences have been felt in other countries. "There is no fact in the natural history of the earth better ascertained," observes Sir David Brewster, "than that the climate of the west of Europe was much colder in ancient than in modern times. When we learn that the Tiber was often frozen, that snow lay at Rome for forty days, that grapes could not ripen at the north of the Cevennes, and the Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter in the time of Ovid, and that the ice of the Rhine and the Rhone sustained loaded wagons, we cannot ascribe the amelioration of such climates to the influence of agricultural operations. The cold meridian which now passes through Canada and Siberia may have passed through Italy, and if we transfer the present mean temperatures of those cold regions to the corresponding parallels in Europe we shall obtain a climate agreeing in a singular manner with that which is described in ancient authors."

The large tract of ice which since the middle of the fifteenth century has been accumulating on the east coast of Greenland seems to be in some way connected with the position of the American magnetic pole. These immense icebergs, brought down from the Polar sea in spring, take ground, and form a nucleus round which other masses attach themselves. In the years 1815, 1816, and 1817, a partial removal of the ice took place, and it was precisely then that the magnetic needle had attained its westward limit. In consequence of this disruption of the ice many icebergs floated down the Atlantic during these seasons as far as the fortieth parallel of latitude.

We have no reason to suppose, from the experience of the travellers in those northern seas, that the basin beyond Nova Zembla is a frozen sea. On the contrary, those who have gone farthest north have found the ice moving southwards, and every indication of an open sea beyond. The Russians explored the entire European and Asiatic coast from the White Sea to Behring's Straits in the ten years following 1636. The ships in these expeditions had always kept close to the shore, and their progress had been continually impeded by the ice. The probability is, that had they stood out boldly to sea they could

have made better way. The Russian expedition, under Lieutenant Von Wrangel, set out in 1820, in order to survey a portion of the Siberian coast and the islands in the Polar Sea. The Russians, it must be remarked, have performed longer transglacial journeys than any other travellers. One of the officers of the Von Wrangel expedition narrates of his experience:—"I passed high and very difficult hummocks, and crossed wide fissures, notwithstanding which, I was enabled by the lightness of my sledge to accomplish ten wersts in a due north direction, when all further advance was stopped by the complete breaking up of the ice and a close approach to the open sea. I saw the icy sea break its fetters; enormous fields of ice, raised by the sea in an almost vertical position, driven against each other with a dreadful crash, pressed downwards by the force of the foaming billows, and reappearing again on the surface covered with the torn up green mud which everywhere forms the bottom of the sea. On returning I found a great part of the track which I had followed already gone, and large spaces which I had just traversed were now covered with water."

The expedition under Von Wrangel continued its northward course on the 23rd of March, 1823. The horizon, on that day, was overspread with a dense blue vapor—an appearance which always indicates open water. Some of the officers still proceeded due north for about nine wersts, when their progress was stopped by a vast break in the ice, extending east and west farther than the eye could reach, and which, at the narrowest part, was more than three hundred yards across. "The sharp westerly wind was widening the gap, and the easterly current was running at the rate of a knot and a half. We climbed one of the loftiest ice hills, when we obtained an extensive view towards the north, whence we beheld the wide, immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze. It was a fearful and magnificent, but to us, a melancholy spectacle. Fragments of ice of enormous size, floated on the surface of the agitated ocean, and were thrown by the waves with awful violence against the edge of the ice-field, on the further side of the channel before us. The collisions were so tremendous, that large masses were every instant broken away; and it was evident that the portion of ice which still divided the channel from the open ocean, would soon be completely destroyed. Had we attempted to ferry ourselves across upon one of the floating pieces of ice, we should not have found firm footing on our arrival. Even on our own side, fresh lanes of water were continually forming and extending in every direction in the field of ice behind us. We could go no further." This point of return was in lat. 70 deg. 51

min., long. 175 deg. 27 min. east, at a distance of 105 wersts from the main land. The depth of the sea in this place was 22 1-2 fathoms, with a clay bottom.

The testimony of Captain Sir Edward Perry is also strongly in support of the belief that the Polar Basin is an open sea. Whilst travelling in sledges on the ice in 1827, he found the whole mass beneath him moving southwards, at the rate of three or four miles per day, whilst his party could only travel forward ten or twelve. In consequence of this movement in the ice, when the travellers arrived in lat. 82 deg. 45 min. north, east long. 19 deg. 30 min., all hope of getting farther north was abandoned. At this extreme point, whence the party returned, the ice indicated no proximity to a permanent body, either by its even surface, or its extent; on the contrary, it was "so full of hummocks, that it occupied just six hours to cross one of the floes, the extent of which, in a straight line, did not exceed 2 1-2 miles." This drifting motion of the ice showed that there was an open space in the direction whence it came. Its hummocky character also showed that it had been broken up during the summer. The ice in this case presented the same appearance as that traversed by the Russian officers off the coast of New Siberia.

The drift wood found in these northern regions may be looked upon as a conclusive argument that the Polar Basin is, at least sometimes, an open sea. Very little drift wood is met on the northern shores of the islands of New Siberia, whilst on the southern sides it is found in abundance. This circumstance is worth noting, as the northern shores of these islands are washed by the Polar Sea, whilst the southern coasts are sheltered from its action. Mahogany and logwood, the peculiar productions of the Mexican Isthmus, have been found on the west coast of Greenland. There are only two routes by which these productions of the south could have reached the Greenland shores. This wood may have been carried by the Gulf stream between Norway and Spitzbergen into the Polar Sea, and passing along the north coast of Greenland, might enter by this route into Baffin's Bay; or, this wood may enter the Polar Sea by Behring's Strait, and being carried along the northern coast of America might so enter Baffin's Bay. Either supposition obliges us to admit that the Polar Basin must be occasionally an open sea, as the wood could not by any possibility pass along the coast of Labrador into Davis's Straits, in consequence of the current, which we have already described, which is constantly setting southward along that coast.

It has been found by observation that the flood-tide runs northward along the Asiatic coast, as well as along that of America, but the

tide upon the latter coast is by far the most powerful. The meeting of these tides at Behring's Straits produces peculiar undulations in this part of the Northern Pacific, and as the principal flood is greater than the ebb, a current which is accelerated with southerly and easterly winds, sets towards Behring's Strait. The currents in the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland, is towards the south-west. This current has been observed to drift at the rate of between twelve and fourteen miles per day. The main current sets to the westward all along the northern coast of the European continent. Between the island of Teehast and the Asiatic shore, the flood-tide, which flows from the west, brings salt water, and the ebb-tide that flows from the east for double the length of time of the flood, brings fresh water. In 1739, a Russian expedition doubled the Sacred Cape, and at about a hundred miles to the east of that point, encountered, on the 21st of August, a strong current with a south-east wind, and the following day they were in fresh water. In three days after, a violent south-east storm arose, with a current from the same quarter; after two days the storm subsided, and the water soon became salt again. Huge masses of ice were bearing down from the south-east; on the 31st of August, the ships were again in fresh water; and on the 9th of September, they were frozen in twelve feet of water, while lying opposite to, and at the distance of about thirty English miles from the mouth of the Indigirka. The ice of the Polar Sea impedes the northern progress of the tides and currents. Captain Beechy observed that the Southern line of the pack extended between Point Barrow and Icy Cape, and farther on in a westerly direction. Cook examined the ice in 1778, and found it to be a vast collection of loose pieces, so closely wedged together, that a boat could scarcely pass between them. These pieces varied in extent from four to fifty yards. They were all of pure transparent ice, except the upper surface, which was a little porous; this ice seemed composed of frozen snow. Cook remarks, "that the sun contributes very little to its destruction; that it is the wind, or rather the waves raised by the wind, that brings down the bulk of these huge masses, by grinding one against another, and wasting away those parts that lie exposed to the surge of the sea." At Icy Cape, in lat. 70 deg. 29 min. north, and long. 198 deg. 20 min. west, Cook found the ice aground in 27 fathoms, on the 26th of August. Captain Clerke, who succeeded to the command of the expedition, on Cook's death, entered Behring's Strait in 1779, and on the 8th of July, in lat. 69 deg. 21 min., long. 192 deg. 42 min. west, came close to the ice. Keeping forty leagues to the westward along its edge, he could discover no opening, neither

could he see a clear sea beyond. When in lat. 69 deg. 37 min., the ships being then in the mid-channel between America and Asia, the ice extended from east-north-east, to west-south-west. On the 19th of July, the ships were completely embayed in the ice, with but one opening southward, through which they directed their course. On the 21st of the same month, they got a sight of the American coast at the distance of eight or ten leagues, and endeavored to reach land, but were prevented by the ice, and obliged to wear away to windward. "Thus," observes Captain King, "a connected solid field of ice, rendered every effort we could make to a nearer approach to the land fruitless, and joining as we judged to it, we took a last farewell of a north-east passage to England."

We must not forget to remark that all the examinations of the ice made by English travellers, were undertaken for the purpose of obtaining a passage along the American coast. It is to the Russians we are indebted for whatever information we possess concerning the state of the coast and seas westward of Behring's Strait. From the Russian surveys of 1762, 1773, and 1787, it appears that a current runs westward during the summer, and easterly in the autumn. Some of the inhabitants of the north-east parts of Asia say, that in summer the ice drifts along the coast in a similar manner, and that strong south-easterly winds accelerate the currents. Von Wrangel found, in the vicinity of the New Siberian Islands, that winds from the west, and particularly from the west-north-west, carried a current along the coast, which sometimes raised the water three or four feet. The current generally set from the east, but when the wind was from the north-east, the current set to the westward. Numerous rivers discharge their waters into the sea on this part of the coast, where the water is unusually fresh.

There can be no longer any doubt that a communication exists between Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea. The numerous expeditions that have gone out in search of a north-west passage have fully established that fact. But whether the principal communication be through Smith's Sound, or by Banks' Strait, or through Wellington Channel, is yet unknown. The numerous islands that lie between the continent of America and Greenland render all these routes very perilous. There may be passages through the islands yet undiscovered, but all are at present so packed with ice as to be unnavigable. Captain McClure says, "that since rounding Cape Austen (the northern part of Baring Island) the ice has lost much of its terrible aspect, which led to the inference that we were fairly in Barrow's Strait; and that the main polar pack takes a direct line from the last-mentioned cape to the east-

north-east, and that which fills these bays is the comparatively small ice which drifts from its southern edge; as we have invariably remarked that there is a decidedly easterly current, which impels the enormous Polar floes on that coast, while the lighter influenced by the wind, is oftentimes setting in an opposite direction." It is evident from Captain McClure's experience, that there exists during the summer, a navigable lane of water from Point Barrow along the whole face of the American continent. Beyond this lies the Polar pack of ice, in many places, no doubt, aground; but it is conjectured that beyond this the sea is open. A strong current flows continually southward through Davis's Strait, along the coast of Labrador to Newfoundland. Its velocity is increased during the summer months by the melting of the ice in the Polar Sea, as well as by the waters of many rivers that mingle with this current.

The alternate rising and depression of the tides, and the set of the currents in these northern seas, the shallowness of the water on the Siberian and North American coast, together with the great depth of water in the Greenland Sea and in Baffin's Bay, justify the belief that the water in the Polar basin has a circular motion, and that sweeping the ice from west to east, it gorges the northern coast of America and Greenland.

The little rise and fall of tide that takes place along the Siberian coast, leads us naturally to infer that the Polar basin occupies a larger surface than the width between Norway and Spitzbergen. Now, a deep ocean is not easily frozen. The action of the winds and waves, with the tidal oscillation, will scarcely allow its surface to remain tranquil. It is only narrow seas, and those not subject to tides or currents, that freeze over. It is true that icebergs are found on the island of Spitzbergen, in the valleys, and against its steep shores; but it is equally true that *field ice* only is met with on its northern shore. The sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, as well as along the coast of Norway, has been proved to be exceedingly deep; may we not be justified in supposing that the deep sea extends far beyond this wide passage into the Polar basin, where tides daily exert their influence? We must not forget that the warm waters of the Gulf stream also exert their influence in these regions. Is it not very probable that these saline waters, being specifically heavier than the fresher waters of these icy regions, form an under current, and so entering the Polar Basin would prevent the formation of a compact body of ice? Captain McClure says, "that in July, 1852, the ice in the southern part of Prince of Wales's Strait presented enormous floes and heavy grounded masses, lying against their base, and upon the

shoal connecting them, which were considered to have been there for years, and likely to remain for many more; but in a month afterwards every vestige had vanished." Even on the ice-bound shore of Melville Island, all the ice accumulated during the winter was melted in the middle of July. Dr. Scoresby says, "that before the end of May there is usually a navigable sea on the western and northern shores of Spitzbergen; and fishermen who have wintered on the island, declare that open water is visible to the northward early in spring. Besides this the flight of birds towards the north, which the Russians have long remarked, may be looked upon as another proof of the correctness of the supposition that an open sea lies in that direction, whither these winged emigrants take their course to look for food, until the thawing of the rivers on the continent induce their return. We must also take into account the influence of the sun in dissolving the ice. The action of the solar heat during the six months that the sun remains above the horizon, must tend materially, together with the other agencies we have enumerated, to keep the Polar Basin free, at least, from a permanent accumulation of ice.

The object of these remarks upon the tides and currents of the Polar Sea, is to urge the expediency of fitting out an expedition with the aid of steam, which, when spring is sufficiently advanced, would no doubt, find a passage into the Polar Sea between Norway and Spitzbergen. It is probable that by keeping along the Siberian coast, but not very close, a communication might be effected with Behring's Strait. If by this means a shorter route to China should be discovered, the commercial advantages arising to us must be evident. But there are other objects that might be obtained by this voyage far greater than any that commercial gain can offer. Let us not forget our long absent countrymen. No vestige of a wreck has yet been found that could lead us to say with certainty that further search for Sir John Franklin would be useless. We know that these dreary regions of the north, though barren of vegetable productions, abound in animal life, and can therefore supply subsistence to travellers detained there. If, therefore, Sir John Franklin has proceeded with his ships, as is very probable, a long way up Victoria Channel, he may have been ice-bound, and not wishing to abandon his ships, and undertake a journey of nearly nine hundred miles, is perhaps waiting for a favorable season, or help from home. Shall these hopes be disappointed? How painful would be the feeling which would, no doubt, touch the heart of every honest Englishman, if, in years hence, some travellers passing through the Polar tracts should find a cairn—a little heap of

stones—or some other humble monument, bearing the names of Sir John Franklin and some of his fellow sailors. These names could not be read, nor could the story be narrated without exciting profound emotion; but should that monumental stone bear a date, showing that aid might have come in time if a little exertion had been made, how great would be our regret, how bitter our self-reproach. Let us picture to ourselves our poor countrymen embayed in ice, and trusting confidently in our sympathies.

‘Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar;’

was the expression of one whose faults and whose follies had not been kindly dealt with by his own countrymen. If the Italian poet slept far from the city that he loved, it was because he had been banished by the party opposed to his own. But against Sir John Franklin no political ban has been uttered. He was sent forth a messenger over the wide waste of waters, and if he has not returned with an olive branch, it is because no olive blooms in those regions whither he was *obliged* to direct his course. Shall he be abandoned whilst there remains a possibility that aid may come in time? Where so many means of succor are suggested, will no kindly voice be raised in his favor, no generous hand be stretched forth to save?

From *The Spectator*, 26 Aug.

COULD we transfer ourselves to that chamber where, probably, the most intense amount of anxiety in all the world at present exists, we might see the dark side of the warlike scene which at present we in the West view only with hope. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown; but when that head has by inheritance received a grant of universal conquest,—has also inherited the exulting thought that the conquest marched generation by generation, and believed it almost on the point of accomplishment, yet sees at that point the triumphant hopes reversed and succeeded by defeat,—then the uneasiness that belongs to crowns must become something like settled despair,—the despair of a dynasty aching in one doomed head. Not a year ago, the Czar of Russia thought that he had arrived at a point in the advancement of his country and his ambitions which enabled him to throw off the mask, to go forward undisguised, and to defy alike the opinion and the resistance of the world. Now the vision is reversed. Wherever he has perpetrated an aggression, there, at the present moment, the Czar is sustaining a pressure. His armies are driven back upon him. The capital which he and

his forefathers had guarded by a long series of granite fortifications, begins to be threatened. Those granite precautions indicate the scale of the fears which must seize the Imperial mind, should the precautions prove insufficient; and if he listened, he might have heard the guns of England and France breaking down his outworks of rock. The outermost of the portals has been taken. For although the island of Bomarsund belongs geographically more to Sweden and to Finland, than to Russia, it is the first in the series of marine forts; and it is now under the protection of France and England, in possession of their soldiers and sailors.

The occupation of the Aland fortress cannot be in itself of substantive importance to the Allies; it is of much more importance in a moral than in a military sense, and mainly as an experiment. We cannot help taking it as being to a great extent a sample of the work to be done; and we are fain to accept the reduction of it as a sample of the work done. In both respects it is satisfactory. It is no reproach to the Allies to say that the force mustered for the purpose was more than sufficient for its object. In the history of the affair we shall find not only that there was no waste of work, but that the quality as well as the magnitude of the instrument was fairly tested.

The task was to take a fortress of granite, armed with some hundred guns, and defended by detached outworks on the uplands above it. The Allies had to construct their batteries, land their guns, and break into the fortifications piecemeal. It was done in dashing style; the Western tower was rapidly taken by the French; the heavier work of the Eastern tower was next mastered by the English; and then the main fort succumbed; the ships assisting throughout. The work was well done, because it was done effectually, because the obstacles to be overcome were not inconsiderable, and they did but serve to draw forth the spirit and invention both of the French and English, both of officers and men, while the loss on our side was trifling. All this work was done with sixteen guns on shore, including five mortars; a fact which in itself tells how admirable the gunnery must have been. The weakness of the Russian gunnery is shown by the firing at the *Penelope*, which got aground. The Russians were energetic and resolute; they were fertile in treachery: a truce for burying their dead was employed to import ammunition, and more than one spy was detected, in feminine and clerical clothes. Our side relied neither on spies nor truces; the steadiness of the firing and eagerness with which individual officers landed their guns and established batteries of their own—the sang froid of the officers, making their toilet or

writing notes in the intervals of duty and in the midst of the firing—the English sailors tramping over the uplands, to a band of music, in dragging the heavy guns, while the French sailors rushed forward with an admiring wish to share in the labor—the cheerful promptitude of the sailors when summoned from their dinners after their toil, to succor the Penelope—the keen vigilance of the French chasseurs, picking off the Russians who showed themselves in the embrasures—are so many incidental traits which test the quality, we say, of the machine. At the same time that it proves to us that the machine is sufficient, it proves to us that the Russian machine is in-

sufficient: the men are brave, but the granite will splinter—it fails to hold together like the alliance of France and England in the fight.

The experiment is not without its value even in reference to Sebastopol,—whither, according to a report that looks correct, an army of sixty thousand men has at last gone; since the principles of Russian fort-fighting are the same, and on the side of the Allies, the men, the appliances, and the invention, will be the same as at Bomarsund. It is with satisfaction, therefore, that we hear of our troops exchanging the scene of inaction at Varna for that of action at Sebastopol.

From Household Words.

WILD AND TAME.

THE Lady Albinia would think of it.

She was a stately lady, of a billious temperament, and disliked precipitation. And if she had required a week to reflect whether she might suffer Mr. Lamplugh to be presented to her without compromising her social dignity, she might surely take a longer time to decide on the offer of the hand and heart of the same Mr. Lamplugh now lying (in writing) before her. True, she had labored very hard for this result, and had displayed as much cleverness in her tactics as a general besieging a fortress; yet she was fully aware that she was called on for a supreme effort of condescension, should she accept it. For, though Mr. Lamplugh was wealthy, while Lady Albinia starved aristocratically on casual help from her friends; and though he was the very ideal of a magnificent-looking man in his prime, while she in her virgin forty years had withered rather than ripened; yet she was of the peerage, and Mr. Lamplugh was a commoner of low birth, whose antecedents were not particularly favorable even in the eyes of commoners themselves. His father had been in some horrid trade—of course the Lady Albinia did not know what; and he himself had been a merchant somewhere in Jamaica, or the Bermudas, or Madeira, or Russia, my Dear. And when there—wherever that might be—he had married some dreadful creature, black most likely, and perhaps with a large bore through her under lip, or a piece of wood in her ears, or with a nose ring or flattened head, like the monsters one sees in encyclopædias. And this creature had died, thank goodness! and left a family—Lady Albinia wondered if they were black with woolly hair—which family Mr. Lamplugh prudently kept in the country, away from civilized life, and which was confessedly a great drawback to his fine fortune and handsome face. But as the Lady Albinia had a decided turn for education, and held strong notions of discipline, the children were not such an obstacle to her. They would be occasions for the exercise of her abilities more than hindrances to her life, and she rather congratulated herself than otherwise on the opportunity of showing to the

world what she could do in the way of method and training.

So, allowing herself to subside into the easy chair, she sat and balanced the two sides of the question, until she herself wondered if the scale would ever turn.

What could Mr. Lamplugh, that handsome man of fortune, see in the Lady Albinia to tempt him to brave the shame of rejection, or the very indefinite good of acceptance? A tall thin spinster of forty and upwards, with an aristocratic nose and a pair of sharp brown eyes, a mouth that was a simple line, the merest indication of lips, and a figure which not all the art of the dressmaker could pad into the semblance of plumpness—what was there in this very uncomfortable and uncompromising lady to lure Mr. Lamplugh into the bondage of matrimony again? It could not be her fortune, it could not be her beauty, for she had neither; and her temper was acid and her mind a blank. Perhaps it was her title, which sounded pleasantly to the ears of the ambitious commoner, anxious to reap social state from his golden seed; perhaps it was her aristocratic connections, which would help on his own children to distinction. Perhaps he wanted a mother for Daisy, his eldest girl, who would put her into a moral strait-waistcoat, and cramp her growth. Lady Albinia was allowed by all who knew her, to be one of the most admirable correctives to an overflush of youth. Perhaps he had been captivated by her attentions; for Mr. Lamplugh was one of those weak men who are caught by a woman's flattery sooner than by her love. And Lady Albinia had certainly courted and flattered the handsome merchant to an extent that might have turned a stronger brain than his, if a stronger brain could have worshipped Deibrett as much as he did.—Whatever its nature, the secret feeling which prompted Mr. Lamplugh to make this offer was one not easy even for himself to define. He had said nothing to his children, neither had he consulted with his most intimate friend: dreading the "why?" to which he would have been puzzled to fit an answering "because."

Lady Albinia pondered and reflected upon this important matter. She looked round her little room. It was very pretty, and quite correctly

furnished; but all was gift or loan—not an honest inch of independent property was there. Her very dress, so perfect in its arrangement, had been given; and the needful of Berlin wool with which she caricatured a rose-leaf had been given also. She had but twenty pounds in her purse at this moment to pay her man and her maid, and to feed them all until the next loan or gift should come, Heaven knew whence, and this twenty pounds she had received yesterday from one of her titled friends. Her whole life, with all its social circumstances, was mere pauperism; and while she was cited as the pattern of good breeding, the recognized critic and exponent of manners and proprieties, she was liable at any moment to fall from her honorable height, and show the world on what sandy foundations the temple of her fame had been built.

The Lady Albinia settled the diamond ring which she had been screwing over the joint of her marriage finger until that member was chafed and angry, and opening her dainty desk, began a note which graciously accepted Mr. Lamplugh's offer—though still in a dignified manner—and which promised all maternal cares to his sweet motherless children. She had taken two hours to reflect. A new silk gown would have cost a longer time to choose.

Mr. Lamplugh called the next morning. He kissed her hand, and declared that he was the happiest of men. Not that he looked so, excepting on the principle that extremes meet, and that when men are in the height of rapture it is but logical they should look in the depths of despair. But Lady Albinia did not pay much attention to his looks. She was thinking of the settlements.

They married. Lady Albinia patronized the service and the clergyman; and Mr. Lamplugh, in spite of his fine person and noble carriage, looked inexpressibly humble. And then they set off for the country house where the four Lamplugh children lived, intending to reach it about a week or ten days after their marriage.

This country house, called Toderoft, was in the wildest part of the lake district. Ambleside was Belgravia, and Keswick a very Paris, compared to the primitive simplicity, the wild solitude, the unbroken seclusion, of Toderoft. It stood in the midst of a wood, far away from every other human habitation, out of the high road, which was on the opposite side of the lake, and about eight miles from the nearest town—which, when reached, boasted nothing more luxurious than country clogs soled with wood and shod with iron, and round felt hats. The lake and the bold cliffs, the mountains and their rugged crags, the woods, birds, wild flowers, and the eternal Heavens with the magnificent cloud scenery of mountainous districts, were all the eye had to rest on. Of civilized life not a trace, unless a chance peasant clad in fustian, sheep dogs barking on the hills, and herds of half-wild cattle, might rank as evidences of civilization.

Lady Albinia was obliged to admire the glorious scenery as they droned on, this last day of their wedding journey. But she admired it under a perpetual protest in favor of the Alps and the Pyrenees, appealing to her husband for con-

firmation of her taste, which, as Mr. Lamplugh had never made the Grand Tour, had a wonderfully exhilarating effect on him, especially when she added, "Oh dear, how stupid of me! One is so much accustomed to men of the world who have travelled through Europe, that one forgets when others have not had the same advantages."

As they drove on, by the side of the lake now, beneath the crags and woods overhanging the byroad that led to Toderoft, they noticed garlands of wild flowers, heaths, and ferns, festooned across the road, while large bunches of foxglove, mixed with the violet-colored seedling grass, were gathered into bouquets by the way-side.

"What is this? An attempt at rejoicing by your people?" asked the Lady Albinia, pointing with her daintily gloved hand, shaded by the finest lace, and manacled at the wrist with gold and rubies.

"The children's welcome to their new mamma," said Mr. Lamplugh with a little emotion in his voice; for he was not an affectionate father.

"How very primitive!" said Lady Albinia, with a small laugh. "Quite gipsy art, I declare! We must teach them something better. Mr. Lamplugh; when we get them out of this dreadful place." And she shuddered; although the summer sun was shining bright from the deep blue sky, and the grass and leaves looked golden in the light.

"Upon my soul that is very pretty!" cried Mr. Lamplugh, startled out of his thralldom for a moment, as they passed a pyramid of which silver bindweed and broad-leaved fern were the base; the graceful maiden's hair with blue-bells jingling on the summit.

"I hate wild flowers," said Lady Albinia coldly.

"I am afraid you will not find my children agree with you in this," said Mr. Lamplugh, turning his bright blue eyes on her with a cheery look, that seemed to ask her to be good-humored and genial. But, his full loose lips grew weak and timid, and their smile faded gradually away beneath the pinching look of his bride.

"We shall see, Mr. Lamplugh," returned Lady Albinia, more coldly than before. "I am quite prepared for the struggle. On more important points than a love of wild flowers, too! Your children require teaching and discipline; and shall have both." And she looked capable of keeping her word.

While she spoke, they turned in at the gate leading into the Toderoft grounds, where the lodgekeeper and his wife stood, cap in hand, bowing and courtseying. Mr. Lamplugh smiled and waived his hand, calling to them by their names as he asked after the pigs and the bairns quite naturally and unaffectedly.

"A little cordiality does no harm," he remarked good-humoredly.

"You think not, Mr. Lamplugh? I fear that is rather a dangerous and democratic sentiment." Lady Albinia said it with the air of a preacher confuting an atheist.

Before he had time to answer, the carriage drove up to the hall door. On the steps, stood

four young figures: the eldest a girl of about eighteen or nineteen, with her three young brothers. In a badly ironed printed gown, far too short and scanty for the mode, the waist very short, and the bodice exceedingly clumsy: in thick-soled shoes, which she yet considered dress (the shoemaker of the little town called them dancing pumps); with long black hair hanging to her waist in ringlets, and which looked as if it had never been cut or turned up: there was not a fashion about Daisy that was not essentially and wholly incorrect. And yet she was beautiful enough to have gained pardon for even a more eccentric costume. Large full eyes, dark as the night and bright as its stars, a pale olive colored complexion, with a flood of brilliant crimson on her cheeks, a wide and handsome mouth, broader in the lips and more flexible than Anglo-Saxon mouths; teeth that were like little pearls, small, regular, and white—a broad forehead, and a face that was one flush of youth and joy, one laugh of gladness, one bright gleam of innocence and pleasure all over; a loud voice; but clear and cheery, welcoming the new mamma frankly, and crying out, "Dear, dear papa!" as the large but well-formed hands unloosed themselves from the little brothers to clasp round his neck. Such a being might have struck an open way at once to the heart of any woman not mummified by the world; but she worked no charm in the Lady Albinia, who *was* mummified by the world.

My lady only thought her wild and untutored, and sadly lacking manners. The three young boys were somewhat like their sister. All had long black hair falling on their shoulders, bright wild eyes, wide lips that always smiled—all were dark in skin, loud and clear in voice, free in action; all looked foreign, though it would have tasked a good ethnologist to say of what race they were. The garden was a wilderness of flowers and shrubs. Rhododendrons, roses, azaleas, laurels, all interlaced among each other, while the flower-beds were a mass of blossoms without order or division. For the first few moments, as she sat there in her London carriage, dressed in her London fashions, all that the Lady Albinia saw was a mass of green leaves and crimson flowers, streaming hair, roving eyes, loud voices, and an air of energy and freedom, and unchecked life about everything animate or inanimate, from the tangled shrubberies to the big dog barking merrily.

"Good heavens, they are gipsies!" thought the Lady Albinia, shuddering, and pressing her scented pocket-handkerchief, heavy with embroidery, against her lips; for she felt almost faint.

Who or what they were, or rather who had been their mother, or what the history of her life, she never rightly understood.—Mr. Lamplugh would never speak of his first wife. It was the one sole subject on which he showed any spirit, or in which he dared to oppose her. She could only guess that the picture of a beautiful girl in Arab costume, standing with her head across the neck of a white horse, which hung up in Daisy's room, was Daisy's mother. Partly because of the likeness to Daisy and the boys, and

partly because of the wild flowers always fresh around the frame, so that it looked framed in flowers,—the gilt entirely hidden,—while a large bouquet was always on the table beneath. Lady Albinia supposed that this was some absurd manifestation of savage affection; in which supposition she was perfectly correct. That young Bedouin girl had been the English merchant's wife; the white horse had carried her through the desert to die worn out, on reaching Bagdad, where she herself died, of remorse and restraint as much as of disease, after having given birth to those four children. Rather a contrast this passionate tale of love and beauty, and the wild nature pining under the restraints of civilization, to the thorough-bred lady of London society, marrying for money and a settlement.

The Lamplugh children had lived the wildest of lives at Toderoft. Out all day long, and sometimes half the summer nights; living in the woods, and on the fells, and on the lake,—Daisy always with her brothers, the boldest rider and the hardest mountaineer of them all: their food mostly bread, milk, and a mess which not every lady in her own right has heard of, called porridge, with very little meat, and vast quantities of fruit and vegetables; scorning all sorts of conventionalities, though the soul of politeness to each other and to all the world, because considerate and unselfish; dressing in the most primitive fashion,—Daisy without stays, in a round felt hat, thick boots, short petticoats, and very rarely gloves. The boys in anything that came first to hand, quick and clever, but clever in odd out-of-the-way things,—clever in natural history, in botany, in biography, and in all artistic tastes; singing beautifully, though unttaught, but clear and true as wood-birds, and drawing with exceeding grace and feeling, but knowing nothing of grammar, nor of classics, nor of arithmetic. Daisy unable to work as well as a charity school-girl, but knowing the names of every flower on the fells and fields, and the habits of every English bird north of the Tyne. They had all the elements of vagabonds and artists in them, but not a grain of the stuff that makes up society. They were beings to be loved; but woe to the daring woman who should attempt to "introduce" them. They were most repugnant to the feelings of the Lady Albinia; but she comforted herself by saying that she would soon alter all this.

Daisy was her point of attack. But Daisy was hard to fight, and harder to conquer. Good temper that never failed; laughter answering back reproof, because not understanding it as reproof; a wild, free love, that could not accept slights or hints, and that kissed away the vinegar even from Lady Albinia's lips; all this made the instruction and the chastisement of Daisy a difficult matter, even to a person of the Lady Albinia's judgment and experience. Why might she not wander out on the fells with her brothers and Charley Musgrave, their tutor,—who, by the way, was as true a Bedouin as themselves? Because the world did not approve of it. But, there was no world here; and what did it signify to her, even if there had been? She did not interfere with the world; why, then, should the

world interfere with her? Why must she wear stays, when they hurt her, and shoes too small for her feet, and too thin for the rocks? Was it not very foolish to give herself a pain in her side and chest, and to get her feet wet, besides cutting them with shingles? That was not wise, surely, no more than wearing silk gowns that trailed in the mud, and caught in the ling and the crags, and were spoiled by the rain and the logs. Why must she turn up her hair? Because she looked like a great girl? But who saw her, excepting her brothers and Charley Musgrave, who was like a brother? It was much less trouble to let it hang down naturally. But if mamma liked, it should be turned up,—she did not much care about it; which was one point gained, thought the Lady Albinia, grimly.

To make Daisy wear gloves and fine bonnets, and lustrous gowns, or drive out in the carriage like a lady, or submit to be dressed by a maid, or to make her give up her Bedouin habits of roving about the mountains, or to impress her with a sense of her guilt in wearing a wide-awake hat, and in rowing out on the lake into long past midnight,—to civilize or tame her, in short, was beyond Lady Albinia; she might as well have talked politics to Daisy's mother, the Arab. Daisy stared, looked bewildered, perhaps would burst into a wild laugh, run up to her step-mother, kiss her gaily, and then rush out of the house and up the mountain like a goat. Lady Albinia's own maid, one of the finest of that class of fine ladies, said that "Miss Lamplugh was quite wicked to forget Providence, who had placed her in such a high station; and she made bold to speak to her ladyship about it," tears coming into her virtuous eyes as she did so.

Lady Albinia had a choice of action: either to leave the Lamplugh children ignominiously to their mountains and their fox-gloves, ignoring them for ever after; or to take them by a coup-de-main to London; turn off Charley Musgrave, and begin to mould them in good earnest into drawing-room exquisites. Mr. Lamplugh consented, when she consulted him—if her haughty wishes, curtly expressed, could be called a consultation—and he agreed to her plans, saying also, "that Daisy was far too wild; and that indeed they did all need taming down sadly." When the children surrounded him, in an uproar of waving arms and passionate voices, and big eyes full of tears and lightning, he said, "No, no, my dears, you shall remain here; you shall not go to London." Which had the good effect of pacifying both parties.

Charley Musgrave was the Lady Albinia's pet aversion. It was he who led the way over the steepest crags, and who taught them that unfeeling indifference to pain and accidents, which horrified the Lady inexpressibly. When the eldest boy, Selim, fell and cut his forehead, Charley Musgrave bathed and bound it up, heartless fellow! joking all the time, and telling the child to be sure not to cry, for it would soon be well again. Such an example to the rest. What would they become, if that dreadful young man remained with them? He was more moved though, when Daisy cut her hand with the garden shears. Indeed, Lady Albinia thought he

would have fainted; though Daisy was so unladylike as to laugh, and say she was no worse, while the blood was streaming over her short white frock. But, Lady Albinia had sharp eyes, and saw more plainly than most people what blushes and paleness meant. Daisy and Charley Musgrave were put under mental arrest after this, and the lady's vigilance over her prisoners never relaxed.

Lady Albinia expressed her wish one day that Daisy should be "presented." At first Daisy did not quite understand her; when the fact was made clear to her, she said not a word; but with the bound of a wounded panther, rushed into her father's study, standing before him flushed, and bathed in passionate tears.

"Why, Daisy! what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Lamplugh, waking out of a half-doze in something like terror at the storm of passion that burst before him.

"Oh, papa! papa! Mamma says I am to be presented," sobbed Daisy.

"Well, my dear, what then?" said Mr. Lamplugh: pleasantly, poor man, smiling feebly.

"Oh, papa! You promised I should not go to London—you know you did. You said I should not leave Todcroft."

"Hush, my dear; not quite so loud. But if it is good for you, Daisy?"

"It can't be good for any one, papa—that horrible London—where I am to be dressed up, like one of those travelling monkeys we have seen here, in feathers and a train."

"Your mamma is right, Daisy," said Mr. Lamplugh, with a sigh; "you are a savage—a true Bedouin."

"I am what my darling mother was, papa, and what I always will remain," cried Daisy.

"Heaven help me!" groaned Mr. Lamplugh. "What a life is mine! I, a quiet man, loving ease above all things, to be the battle-ground between an Arab child and the Lady Albinia."

And he certainly was to be pitted.

So they all were; Lady Albinia with the rest. For, this unconventional atmosphere was just as hateful to her as her stiffness and suppression was foreign to it; though not so hurtful. To the children, the chief harm done, was the sense of guilt taught them. They, who had never heard of evil, now found that every action of their lives was wrong, and wasted many an hour in tearful perplexity between good and evil, which had all the effect of real sinfulness upon them. Daisy, who had been as free as the winds of heaven, was now followed and watched, like a criminal. A strange air of suspicion and wrong was cast around her when she was with Charley Musgrave; an atmosphere of glances, whispers, innuendoes, hints, that she could not understand, and that irritated rather than controlled her. Altogether, it was a miserable household.

Unhappiness threw Charley and Daisy more than ever together; for he too was wretched. An unfettered nature like his could not find much nurture beneath the shadow of Lady Albinia; and, as it never occurred to him to leave the family, he remained and suffered with the rest. By being thrown thus mournfully together no longer in the innocent freedom of their former

life, thoughts and feelings which would not have ripened yet had they lived as of old, sprung up into quick maturity; so, Lady Albinia hastened the catastrophe she wanted to avert. Daisy and Charley Musgrave found out one day that they loved each other, yet not as brother and sister. Hitherto they had lived in the belief that they loved as brother and sister do.

Lady Albinia was horror-struck. Her step-child engaged to a worthless tutor—a man, half artist, half teacher, who had actually to work for his living! It could never be. She flatly told Mr. Lamplugh so, and he shrugged his shoulders in despair, and said despondingly that he would not interfere. So, he went up to London suddenly, leaving his aristocratic wife and his wild household to fight out the fight by themselves. The lady was left a clear stage now. Mistress of the family, without even the seeming control of her husband, she would soon make matters conform to her ideas. She would try, at any rate. The morning after Mr. Lamplugh went away, she called Charley Musgrave into her room. Charley came in, in his old lounging, careless way, thinking more of a linnets nest he had found, and wanted to show Daisy, than of the Lady Albinia.

"Mr. Musgrave," began the lady stiffly, but with all her renowned politeness, "I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you with a few unpleasant words."

Charley Musgrave looked up frankly. "Well, Lady Albinia, what is it?"

"You must be aware, Mr. Musgrave, that your proposals for Miss Lamplugh cannot meet with my approbation," said the Lady Albinia, playing with her diamond ring, with her finger and thumb hooked together, like a beak.

"Why not, my lady?" he asked, his cheeks rather flushed now.

"Oh, Mr. Musgrave, we need not go into detail. It is quite enough to say, generally, that the connection would be undesirable, and that I positively refuse my consent. Most gentlemen would be satisfied with this answer."

"But, Lady Albinia," urged Charley, "when a man's prospects, and every hope of happiness, are to be blighted, it is but fair to tell him plainly why. To say that the connection is undesirable is very vague. Have you nothing more definite to urge against me—my habits, character, principles?"

"Nothing decidedly immoral, Mr. Musgrave; much that I entirely disapprove of."

"As what, my lady?"

"Oh! Your freedom, wildness, and—as I consider it—vulgarity. I have always deplored your influence in this household—I confess it frankly—and now I firmly oppose this engagement. Granting that my ideas of good breeding are unnecessarily high for Mr. Lamplugh's children, yet still, Mr. Musgrave, your fortune, your worldly position, would be a sufficient barrier."

"But if Daisy does not object to my poverty?"

"Miss Lamplugh must be guided and controlled."

"And if she will not, Lady Albinia?"

"Mr. Musgrave, she shall."

"Is it, then, open war?"

"No, Mr. Musgrave, it is simply a negative warfare. I do not condescend to war with tutors and children;" and the Lady Albinia seated herself with inexpressible disdain. "Of course, Mr. Musgrave," she added after a moment's silence, during which Charley had been doing strict battle with his passionate impulse to defy her to her face, "you will consider this conversation as a sufficient dismissal from your place as tutor to the Master Lamplughs."

He bowed. Poor fellow, he dared not trust his voice now.

"And—it is best to be candid at once—I must forbid any attempt at communication between you and Miss Lamplugh. No letters, messages, interviews—nothing. You must forget each other, without a thought of renewing this absurd affair."

"That, Lady Albinia, I cannot promise. On the contrary, I must hold such communication with Daisy as I can, and as she will grant."

"Then, Mr. Musgrave, I must take my own measures."

"As you will, my lady: I must overcome them."

"Do you threaten me, sir?"

"No, Lady Albinia, I only warn you. You may attempt to separate, but you will never succeed in separating, Daisy and myself. I will find her wherever she may be hidden, and she will be my wife in spite of all your opposition. Do I not know her, and can I not trust her. You are beating yourself against a rock. Daisy's truth and my love will never yield!" With these words, Charley Musgrave bowed, and walked out of the room.

"We shall!" said Lady Albinia, with a peculiar flame in her sharp, brown eyes. "I do not think I shall be outwitted by a reckless boy and girl!"

Tears, vows, prayers, all were unheeded; Charley Musgrave must go. The aristocratic Fate had cut the thread of love, and there was no way of help. Daisy's indignation, fierce and savage as her love was deep, was of no avail. She besought Charley to marry her in the face of her enemies, and to allow them no passing moment of triumph.

But, the tutor had a little more knowledge of the "proprieties," and told her to wait and be hopeful. Charley Musgrave went away, and poor Daisy was left shipwrecked and alone.

Lady Albinia followed up this first blow by taking Daisy and the boys to London. She and her servants had hard work to keep them all together on the road, for they made desperate attempts to escape, and had to be watched like wild birds newly caught. Lady Albinia was twice threatened with arrest by policemen with tender hearts, who could not believe that she had law or right on her side when they saw the distress of her poor prisoners; but her aristocratic nose and perfect manners bore her over all such difficulties, and she arrived in London safely with her charge.

In London, Lady Albinia was the Macgregor with his foot upon his native heath. She was absolute. Not even the ghost of marital author-

ity disturbed her on her throne. The children were well watched; and, in such a wilderness as London, had but little chance against natives; to whom the perplexing streets were as familiar, as the wild-flowers on the mountains were to them. They had only to submit; which they did like tigers in a net; talking Arabic among themselves, and weeping such passionate tears as might have moved a heart of stone. But a fashionable heart is a very good imitation of stone, when the necessity of appearances is brought into action.

Daisy was tortured. A French staymaker was called in to imprison her figure in a whalebone pillory; then a French dressmaker was called in, and Daisy stumbled over her trailing gowns, and tore her lace flowers at every step. Her feet were thrust into narrow-soled boots, and in a short time she had corns; which, besides paining her very much, inexpressibly disgusted her. Her hands were coaxed into gloves which left a deep red mark round her wrists; and she was not allowed to walk—only to drive out in an open carriage with her stepmother. Charley Musgrave's letters were intercepted; the sharp brown eyes read them first, and then the beak-like fingers burnt them in the fire; so, as Daisy was too innocent to know of post-offices, and false addresses, and could not have managed a clandestine correspondence, even if she had known how, she could do nothing but hope and wonder, and love and trust. She knew that Charley was faithful, she said, and she believed in him as passionately as she mourned for him.

But the poor child began to fade. She had a fixed pain in her side, a feverish flush on her cheek, a cough, and a wild wandering look in

her bright eyes, that reminded Mr. Lamplugh of the young mother who had died ten years ago, in his arms. She was weaker too; and her old restless energy was quite subdued. All she did, was to sit by the windows looking into the park; tears filling up her hollow eyes, and her trembling lips repeating low songs in Arabic—all about the captive and his love—and the desert and sweet liberty.

Mr. Lamplugh, frightened into manhood by the sight of his pride and darling drooping at his feet, sent for the family physician, luckily a kind and skilful man. A glance at the Bedouin child told him the whole secret of her malady. She was dying, he said bluntly, of restraint. She must just go back to Toderoft, to her wild life of freedom again, if they wished to save her.

"And, oh, papa!" sobbed Daisy, clasping her thin hands together, "Give me back my brothers and Charley again!"

"Aye," said the doctor. "Miss Daisy had better be married to Charley, I think, and the young gentlemen had better go back to their old home too. You see, Mr. Lamplugh, blood is stronger than breeding, and Lady Albinia would scarcely have tamed these Arab natures, if she had had them from the cradle. She had better give up the attempt, as it is. You want generations, not individuals, for educational successes. Let Lady Albinia adopt some Saxon child, if she wants to prove some Saxon theory. The only truth she will prove with these children, is, that Bedouins don't make good followers of fashion, and that nature is stronger than the artificial rules and restraints of society."

The doctor's advice was followed, and the treatment succeeded.

From the Illustrated Magazine.

A CARNIVAL ADVENTURE IN MILAN.

[THE following story, though imbued with an air of romance, which may seem to impart to it the character of fiction, is nevertheless (at least in all its main points) strictly true. The incidents occurred nearly as they are here narrated; and the persons who took part in them, lived and moved and had their being, not many years ago, in the gay circles of continental society. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to mention that the names of those persons are not identical with the designations of the individuals who figure in the scenes here described.]

It was carnival-time in Milan, evening was approaching, and the noisy gaiety of the day had given place to a brief interval of comparative quietude. The more humble class of idlers, who had been perambulating the streets since early dawn, were wearily sauntering homeward; whilst the more fashionable votaries of pleasure were regaling themselves in the *restaurants*, or preparing for the revels of the approaching night.

The cathedral clock had just struck six, and in the second story of a house in the most elegant quarter of the city, a lady was seated at her toilette. This lady, a beautiful Italian brunette of about four-and-twenty, was familiarly chatting

and laughing with a female attendant. Suddenly her merriment subsided, and she looked thoughtful and serious. Then, after a brief pause, she said, in a somewhat petulant tone:—

"But, after all, this is really very annoying—it is most unreasonable to require me to make my *début* thus unexpectedly to-night. It was fully understood that I should not appear till next Tuesday. I am by no means well, and I feel myself getting quite hoarse. I would never have gone to the masquerade last night, had I been aware I was to appear so soon. It strikes me there is some treachery at work. Possibly an artful design for cancelling my engagement, if I plead the excuse of illness. And here have I been studying my part six hours a-day for the last month—it is too bad!"

After this outpouring of complaint, the Signora stopped short: she seemed as if apprehensive of having impaired the energy of her lungs by over-talking; for she presently began to try the power of her voice in a difficult *roulade*. The silence which succeeded this vocal exercise was, in a few seconds, again interrupted, and the lady, breaking into a fit of laughter, said to her maid:—

"Zerbina! a droll idea has just crossed my mind: suppose I were to run away—to leave Milan this instant, and set off to Naples, without appearing at La Scala; what an excellent carni-

val joke that would be, and what a dilemma our poor *impressario* would be thrown into!"

"Signora!" replied the attendant in a tone of respectful remonstrance, "no doubt the joke would be good enough, if it were practicable; but unluckily, it is not so. You seem to forget that were you to attempt to leave Milan, the police would immediately be on your track, and you would be brought back again under an escort of *Sbirri*."

"Very true, Zerbina—there is no help for it; so, well or ill, I suppose I must sing *la Mascherata* to-night!"

So saying, the fair *cantatrice* rose from her chair, and, standing before her looking-glass, proceeded to give the finishing touch to the arrangement of her hair. Whilst she was thus engaged, a ring at the bell announced the arrival of a visitor.

"Who can that be?" she exclaimed. "Recollect, Zerbina, I am not at home to any one—except—"

A look of intelligence from the waiting-maid denoted that she perfectly understood to whom the exception applied; so, without staying for further instruction, Zerbina hurried out of the room. She speedily re-appeared, saying:—

"Signora, it is a lady—most elegantly dressed! A lady of rank, I am quite sure. I told her you could not see any one; but she will take no denial. She insists on speaking with you for a few moments in private, on a matter of great importance."

"What can she have to say? And at this time! But no matter—you must show her in, if, as you say, she will take no denial."

The stranger entered, and the Signora found herself in the presence of a lady of surpassing beauty, whose manner and deportment, though stamped with the dignity and elegance of high life, were somewhat *outré* and eccentric.

"Have I the honor to address Signora Antonina?" inquired she.

"That is my name, Madame," replied the *prima donna*, with a profound courtesy.

"You are, I believe, the new soprano from Venice, and you are to appear at La Scala to-night, in the opera of *La Mascherata*."

"Alas! yes, Madame," answered Antonina, with a sigh.

"Pardon my curiosity, if I inquire why you reply in so melancholy a tone?"

"Allow me, Madame, in my turn, to inquire to what I am indebted for the honor of exciting so much of your interest?"

"I will," resumed the lady, "briefly explain the object of my visit:" and seating herself upon the sofa, she motioned Antonina to take her place beside her. "Signora, I have a strange communication to make, and a singular favor to solicit."

"You forget, Madame," observed Antonina, reservedly, "that we are utter strangers to each other, and that I have not yet the honor of knowing even your name."

"Pardon me," said the stranger; "if you will grant me your attention for a few moments, you will perceive my *incognita* is the first condition of the proposal I am about to make."

"*Incognita*!" exclaimed Antonina, surprised and disappointed; but without heeding the interruption, her visitor thus proceeded:—

"I am a person of fortune and of noble birth; and though not insensible to the advantages which wealth and rank confer, yet I feel that I should have been far happier in a more humble and totally different position of life. Fate has assigned to you and me our respective parts. You act yours on the mimic scene, and I play mine on the stage of real life. Now, it has occurred to me that we might perhaps exchange characters, and play each other's parts with mutual advantage. Possibly the station I occupy in society might be more adequately filled by you; and it may happen that I am better fitted than yourself for the career of public life which Fortune has assigned to you. You appear to be pre-eminently endowed with self-command, and your countenance indicates that easy pliancy of disposition which readily accommodates itself to circumstances. I, on the contrary, have been throughout life the victim of enthusiastic and ardent feeling. A flighty imagination continually disposes me to break through the barriers of my rank, and to wander in the regions of romance and adventure. My passion for music and for the drama has inspired me with a strong desire to appear on the stage—a course to which my family connections naturally present obstacles. Now, dear Signora Antonina, it is in your power to assist in gratifying my long-cherished wish, and thereby to confer on me a favor, for which, be assured, you shall not find me ungrateful. All I ask of you is, that you will allow me to play your part in the opera to-night."

"My part in the opera!" repeated Antonina, with amazement. "My part at La Scala! Do I understand you rightly, Madame?"

"Perfectly. My request is, that instead of making your *début* to-night, you will afford me the opportunity of making mine."

Antonina, almost bewildered with astonishment, stammered out the words:—

"Pardon me, Madame,—you are jesting. I presume—but I am at a loss to comprehend the motive."

"I am not jesting," answered the stranger, emphatically, and with great excitement of manner. "I am quite serious; though possibly you cannot understand the whim—the mania, if you choose to call it so—that possesses me. During the last seven years, I have been the reigning queen of fashion in the gayest cities of Europe, where I have enjoyed every amusement which society can offer, and every triumph which vanity can desire. At length I have become weary alike of the gratifications and annoyances of my much-envied position. But there is one pleasure—one triumph—to which I am yet a stranger, and for which my spirit yearns. I feel an ungovernable desire to share the excitement and the glory which attend a heroine of the operatic stage! You smile, Signora; but had I been born in a sphere less elevated than that which Fate has assigned to me, the profession to which you belong would have been my vocation; and, what is more, I feel within me the sort of energy and inspiration which would have enabled me to

subdue triumphantly the countless difficulties which attend such a career."

"Madame," coolly answered Antonina, after a short pause, "I fully understand and appreciate your enthusiasm for the art to which I myself am ardently devoted. But do not be offended if I observe that enthusiasm, though a most desirable quality, is not the only one requisite to ensure success. In spite of all your earnest feelings and enthusiastic confidence, I am disposed to think that the realization of your wish is utterly impossible."

"The impossibility rests solely on your refusal," exclaimed the stranger with increased energy. "Signora Antonina, if you will accede to my request, there is no sacrifice I will not readily make to requite you. I declare to you sincerely, that for two hours of your existence I would willingly surrender all the advantages of mine."

"I have no inclination to avail myself of any such sacrifice," replied the Signora proudly. "I am devoted to my profession, and am quite content to live and die a *prima donna*. But with regard to this evening's performance, to confess the truth, I am not particularly desirous of making my first courtesy to a Milanese audience to-night. I am somewhat indisposed, and my voice is not in such good condition as I could desire on the occasion of a *début*. In short, I have several good reasons for wishing that some one else could be found to play the part for me."

"Then the point is settled," exclaimed the lady, exultingly rising from her seat.

Antonina smiled at the self-confidence of her visitor, who was, to all appearance, perfectly insensible to the difficulties of the task she was so anxious to undertake. The *prima donna* therefore expected to create no little embarrassment, when she asked the stage-struck heroine whether she had bestowed any time on the study of the part she wished to appear in.

Without making any reply, the lady took her seat at the piano, and after trying some passages in two or three different keys, sang, with a clear, powerful voice, faultless intonation, and finished execution, an exceedingly difficult scene from *La Mascherata*.

"*Dio vero!*" exclaimed the astonished Antonina. "What an organ! what flexibility! what style! How did you learn to sing this difficult music in such perfection? For myself, I have been studying the part laboriously for months, and yet I have never succeeded in getting quite smoothly through the passage which you have just performed with such perfect ease and accuracy."

"Well, you are now satisfied that I can sing," said the lady, rising from the piano with a self-complacent air; "and I do not hesitate to say that I can go through the whole part, from beginning to end, without a failure. You may rest assured that the success of the opera will not be marred by my performance."

Antonina was silent, and could almost have persuaded herself that what she had heard was the mere illusion of a dream.

"During the last three weeks," continued the lady, "that is to say, ever since the *Mascherata* has been announced at La Scala, I have practised

the principal part several times every day. The object of this unremitting assiduity was to realize my wish of appearing on the stage. In the practice of the trios and concerted pieces, I have been assisted by several of my friends, amateurs like myself. Even the choruses have not been left untried. In short, I have had the most labored rehearsals under the semblance of musical *soirées*. The result is, I am thoroughly prepared to present myself to the public if you will give me leave to be your substitute to-night. My scheme has not been arranged without forethought, and I have not chosen La Scala, and the *Mascherata* for my *début* without due consideration. This being my first visit to Milan, I am less known here than in any other capital of Europe, and the *Mascherata* being a Carnival piece, I shall have the advantage of performing in a demi-mask. I shall be required to unmask only for a moment in the last scene; and it will be very extraordinary, if, during that short moment, any one should recognize me. However, I will boldly run the risk, for few things are more improbable than the chance of my being discovered. As I am obliged to leave Milan in a day or two, I must resign the part to you on the second night of performance; and when we hear it remarked (as doubtless we shall), that Antonina sang much better on the second night than on the first, you and I may laugh in our sleeves at the simplicity of the manager, and the public. In personal appearance, it is true, we are in some respects dissimilar; for instance, my hair is much lighter than yours—I have blue, and you dark eyes;—but such little differences are scarcely discernible on the stage. On the other hand, we are as nearly as possible of equal height, and our figures are similar; your dresses will fit me accurately enough, and as to complexion and features, stage illusion will doubtless sufficiently account for them.

Antonina, who was naturally of a playful disposition, and ever ready to enter into a joke, yielded to these arguments, and finally consented to gratify the wish of her eccentric visitor, whom she forthwith assisted to dress for the character.

* * *

Next morning nothing was talked of in Milan but the brilliant *début* of Signora Antonina. Never had so fine a voice been heard within the walls of La Scala—never had so charming an actress trod the stage. Whilst her features were concealed by the mask, every note that flowed from her mellifluous voice elicited admiration and applause; but when, in the last scene, she raised her mask, and the charms of beauty were added to the attractions of talent, the whole audience rose with one accord, and a shower of *bouquets* descended at the feet of the *prima donna*. . . . As soon as the curtain dropped, a crowd of gentlemen had rushed to her box; but to their great surprise and regret they were informed that she had suddenly quitted the theatre. However, this modest withdrawal from public notice had served only to increase the enthusiasm of her admirers. Serenades had been performed beneath her windows until a late hour of the night; and not a few fierce wrangles had taken place in the *cafés*

among very young gentlemen who had fallen desperately in love at first sight with the new divinity.

Whilst the whole city was agitated by these exciting events, a scene of another kind was taking place in the boudoir of Sig.ora Antonina. She was reclining on a sofa weeping bitterly, and beside her sat the triumphant *débutante* of the preceding night, vainly endeavoring to console her.

"How inconsiderate was I," exclaimed Antonina, "to consent to this deception—and how cruel in you to tempt me to it! Your vanity and folly have ruined all my future prospects. I cannot now venture to appear in Milan. I should only be laughed at—perhaps even hissed off the stage. But, wherever I go, the recollection of your triumph will pursue me, and paralyze all my efforts! Alas! what misfortunes have I brought upon myself by my folly!"

Whilst she who was undesignedly the cause of this distress, was vainly endeavoring to assuage it, Zerbina entered the room, having in her hand several letters, which she presented to her mistress. Antonina, perused two or three of the missives, which contained declarations of love couched in the most impassioned terms;—then, throwing them into the lap of her companion, she said, in a tone of affected indifference which ill disguised her mortification, "There, Madame, it is but just that you should enjoy all your triumphs! Accept the homage addressed to you under my name!"

The lady began to read one of the letters. Whilst perusing it, a smile of satisfaction lighted up her countenance, and she exclaimed joyfully: "Dear Antonina, dry up your tears. There is an epistle which affords me an opportunity of making atonement for all the uneasiness I have innocently caused you. Now you may take your revenge!"

"My revenge," said the *prima donna*, eagerly seizing the billet, from which she read aloud the following lines:

"Divine Antonina,—Your lovely image haunts my thoughts. The tones of your enchanting voice incessantly vibrate through my heart! If you will vouchsafe to accept my hand, and to share my rank and fortune, step into the carriage which will this evening be waiting at the door of your residence, and repair to the Court of Berlin with your admiring humble servant,

"BARON VON REICHSBERG."

"How often misfortune proves the forerunner of good luck," said the lady. "Just now, Signora, you were blaming me for having blighted your fair prospects. But the proposal conveyed in this note, which I gladly transfer to you, makes ample atonement for any injury you may imagine I caused you in your professional capacity. Hesitate not to accept the hand of the Baron, whom I know to be a man of high character.—He is at present engaged in some diplomatic capacity in the service of his Sovereign, the King of Prussia. He possesses an ample fortune, and I feel convinced that he is in all respects calcu-

lated to ensure your future happiness. He, it cannot be doubted, will have good reason to congratulate himself on becoming the husband of the real, instead of the pretended Antonina. Hold yourself in readiness, therefore, to join the Baron at the time appointed: and should he chance to remark any difference between you and the *Mascherata*, remember that it is perfectly natural and easy to account for it by the effect of *stage illusion*."

With these words the unknown lady hastily bade adieu to Antonina, who, fully consoled for her recent mortification, joyfully began to prepare for her journey to Berlin.

The second performance of the *Mascherata*, which had been announced for the following evening, was unavoidably postponed. The doors of La Scala were closed; the *impresario* having received the mortifying intelligence that his *prima donna* had eloped with a German baron.

In the following winter, two distinguished beauties engrossed general admiration in the fashionable *salons* of Paris. One was the Baroness Antonina Von Reichsberg, and the other was the accomplished Marquise de C—. One evening when these ladies met unexpectedly at a splendid party in the Faubourg Saint Germain, they both started with astonishment; and presently the Marquise, whilst whispering a few words of congratulation in the ear of the Baroness, glanced significantly at the portly German diplomatist by whom she was escorted. After the ladies had enchanted the company by their exquisite singing of the grand duo from *Norma*, the Baroness drew her friend aside, and briefly described her journey from Milan to Berlin, in the course of which she succeeded in convincing Baron Von Reichsberg how completely *stage illusion* may mislead both the eyes and ears.

Before they parted, the ladies reciprocally promised inviolable secrecy respecting the events which had occurred at Milan. The Marquise probably kept her vow, but it appears the Baroness Von Reichsberg was not equally discreet; for her disclosures have been quoted as a guarantee for the truth of the facts above narrated.

COSTUME IN FRANCE.—It is curious to observe the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the Empire. Nearly all the exquisite simplicity which was the characteristic of female dress in France, has disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colors are the order of the day. I saw, on one occasion, a lady, noted for the elegance of her costume, appear at a *soirée* in a toilet very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of light-red, her bracelets and necklace of coral-beads, larger than hazel-nuts, and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been even beautiful, she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say they are compelled to the sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms laden with gold and silver embroidery by the courtiers and all public functionaries. The change is curious, because

Frenchmen have long struggled successfully against the national taste, which is all for show and gorgeousness, as is evinced, says one of their writers, by the immense popularity of the dahlia flower. The Empire has not yet had much influence on male costume, except by the re-introduction of frock-coats with long skirts. But it was once seriously contemplated to make an entire revolution in this respect—to suppress moustaches, and enforce tight breeches and a sort of top-boots. The emperor, however, did not think it would be expedient, on reconsideration, to make Paris picturesque in this fashion, and contents himself with setting a good example at Compeigne, where, with a true appreciation of elegance, he resorts sometimes to the costume of the last century, and shames his court into magnificence, by wearing fine frills and pendant wristbands of Malines lace. — *Bayle St. John's Purple Tints of Paris.*

POLYGAMY AMONGST THE MORMONS.—A wife in Utah cannot live out half her days. In families where polygamy has not been introduced she suffers an agony of apprehension on the subject which can scarcely be conceived, much more described. There is a sad, complaining, suffering look, obvious to the most ordinary observer, which tells the story, if there were no other evidence on the subject. In most cases it is producing premature old age, and some have already sunk into an early grave under an intolerable weight of affliction. The man, from the moment he makes up his mind to bring one or more concubines into the family, becomes always neglectful of, and in most cases abusive to, his wife. In every instance where it has been introduced it has totally destroyed all union of affection and interest previously existing. The wife has no further motive to labor and economize for the family, because she finds one or more intruders who have the right to share in the benefit of her exertions; and the concubine, for a similar reason, feels no interest and makes no effort. The wife hates them for interfering with her comforts and estranging the affections of her husband; they, on the other hand, hate the wife and each other, and the children of each other. The husband hates the wife on whose affections he has trampled, and over whom he has tyrannized, and hates each concubine, of whom he tires when a fresh one is introduced: and the children hate each other as cordially as a band of half-starved young wolves. It is hate, and strife, and wretchedness throughout the whole family circle. Hecate herself, in her deepest malignity, could not have devised a more effectual scheme to destroy the happiness of mankind. The husband, under the double influence of domestic discord and gross indulgence, loses his energy, becomes discouraged, sinks into the bloated, vulgar debauchee, and affords a capital illustration of the truth that

"Our pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us."

In many families where are as yet no concubines, the wife is anxious to remove from this valley of

Sodom, as well on her own account as to save her daughters from becoming inmates of a priestly harem; and as she has it in her power to obtain a divorce at any time, it may seem strange that she should remain the inmate of such a domestic hell. But a divorce would be of no practical benefit to her. She would be compelled to separate from her children; and, as she is powerless to perform an overland journey of over a thousand miles, to bring herself within the protection of a civilized Government, she must, of course, remain, and seek a precarious livelihood, under the discouraging pressure of a church vengeance.—*Ferris's Utah and the Mormons.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—At a conversation, at the Polytechnic Institution, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography, in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited—one the largest, and the other the smallest ever produced by the process. The first was a portrait, the full size of life; and the last was a copy of the front sheet of the *Times*, on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the portrait being more pleasing and far more correct than those usually produced; while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the assistance of a magnifying glass. The photographs were exhibited by Mr. Mayall, the well-known artist of Argyll Place, Regent Street, and excited considerable interest during the evening.—*Times.*

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following new books from the publishers:—

Memoirs of a Grandmother. By a Lady of Massachusetts. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Blakeman.

Party Leaders. Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph of Roanoke; including notices of many other distinguished American Statesmen. By Jo. G. Baldwin, author of "the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." New York: D. Appleton & Co. London: 16 Little Britain. 1855.

A Journey to Central Africa; or Life and Landscapes from Egypt to the Negro Kings of the White Nile. By Bayard Taylor; with a Map and Illustrations by the Author. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

Poems. By Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854.

Literary Recreations and Miscellanies. By John G. Whittier, author of "Margaret Smith's Journal," "Old Portraits," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1854.

A History of England from the first Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary in 1688. By John Lingard, D. D. Vol. VII. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

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